

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1897.

NUMBER 45.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Avon...	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester...	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Fairlie...	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian Flds...	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City...	8 19 am	11 40 am
Stanton...	8 10 am	11 20 am
Filson...	7 55 am	10 48 am
Dundee...	7 43 am	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge...	7 38 am	10 07 am
Torrent...	7 24 am	9 35 am
Beatty's Je...	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three F's C...	6 53 am	8 00 am
Alhol...	6 32 am	7 18 am
Elkatawa...	6 08 am	6 30 am
Jackson...	6 00 am	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Avon...	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester...	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Fairlie...	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian Flds...	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City...	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Stanton...	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Filson...	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee...	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge...	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Torrent...	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beatty's Je...	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
Three F's C...	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Alhol...	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkatawa...	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson...	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,
Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.



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NOVEMBER 1st.

Our \$ 5.00 Watches at \$ 3.00
" 8.00 " 6.00
" 10.00 " 7.00
" 20.00 " 15.00
" 100.00 " 75.00

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Plated Ware suitable for Wed-
ding Gifts at proportionately
low prices.

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VERMIFUGE
FOR 20 YEARS
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TRIMBLE BROTHERS,
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KENTUCKY

Has Furnished Leading Men For Many States.

The St. Louis Post Dispatch says, "if Virginia is to be called the 'Mother of Presidents,' Kentucky may as well be called the 'Mother of Governors.'"

"Ever since the early days of the century Kentucky has not only kept her own list of statesmen full, but has supplied several other states with officials and representatives in both branches of congress.

"She even went so far as to furnish a vice president for the United States four years ago in the person of Adlai E. Stevenson, after lending him to Illinois a while.

"She also furnished the two men,

Gold Democrats Must Join the Republicans.

The Republicans of the state tendered a banquet to Thomas C. Platt, senator-elect from New York, at Albany, and Mr. Platt made it the occasion of his formal acceptance of the senatorship, to succeed Hon. David B. Hill.

During his speech Mr. Platt said he had not asked any member of the legislature to vote for him. He said the success of McKinley's administration "will be the success of the Republican party, and no contribution that I can make to that great cause will be wanting.

It is not yet certain that any plan for the relief of the treasury can pass the senate as it will be

Party Unity Is the One Great Aim.

Chairman P. P. Johnston, of the Democratic state central and executive committees, has issued the following circular letter:

"LEXINGTON, KY., Jan. 25, 1897.
"To Democratic County and Legislative District Committees—The resolution passed by the central committee indicated a custom as old as the party, but it was not promulgated as a rule or as an absolute standard to govern you in your local affairs. Conditions are not exceptional and require different methods of treatment in different localities. You are expected to study the situation and do what is wise and best to unify and strengthen the Democratic party in your district. It is the privilege and responsibility of county committees to do this, and you who achieve the best results consistent with the principles and

MORGAN COUNTY.

Jamboree From the Jambos.

James Lindon, of Gillmore, passed through The Jambos Sunday.

The infant child of Thomas Oldfield died Sunday morning.

Miss Mattie McGuire is visiting the home of her parents on Tom's branch.

Prof. Henry Adams commenced a singing school at Daysboro Monday night.

Mrs. James Taulbee, who has been sick for some time, is slowly improving.

Noah Long and daughter, of Yocum, are visiting friends and relatives at Salem.

Prof. Adams closed a most successful singing school at Salem on Wednesday night.

Rev. Leander Clear will preach at the Caskey school house on the fourth Sunday in this month.

Misses Lillie Havens and Hestor Bishop visited their friend Miss Esther Brewer, of the Jambos, Sunday.

W. S. Wilson, who has been attending school at Hazel Green, came home quite sick, but is able to be about again.

Miss Lizzie K. Long, of Yocum, and Miss Lizzie F. Long visited the family of Harlan McClure a few days since.

We are glad to say that Mrs. Joshua DeBusk, who has been confined to her room for some time, is slowly improving.

Feb. 2. F. & A.

Mize Mites.

Jim Linden, "that handsome man," is visiting at Mize.

G. W. Barker closed his writing school at Murphy school house last week.

Rotie Murphy visited her sister, Mrs. Frank Oldfield, Saturday and Sunday.

Uncle Johnnie Oldfield visited his son Frank one day last week, and reports everything prosperous in his part of the country.

Miss Callie Taulbee, the charming daughter of Dr. J. A. Taulbee, of Hazel Green, is visiting the family of J. R. DeBusk this week.

Miss Mattie Cope, one of Jackson's most beautiful and accomplished young ladies, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. J. R. DeBusk, and breaking hearts as usual.

Feb. 1. ANIBAS.

BREATHITT COUNTY.

Jackson Jottings.

The icehouses of town were well filled last week.

Prof. John Goff has gone to Winchester on business.

Hurrah for the Campton correspondent! Wake up!

Miss Emma Troy is on the sick list, but is improving.

Judge G. W. Gourley, of Beattyville, was here Monday on legal business.

H. C. Duff, of Chavis, took the train here Tuesday morning en route to Frankfort.

Wm. McConnell, of Beattyville, is in town, and will, perhaps, take charge of the Little saw mill.

Dr. B. D. Cox left for Louisville Sunday morning, where he intends taking a special course in surgery.

W. B. Ragan, elder of the Methodist church at this place, held services at Elkatawa, Sunday morning and evening.

Judge N. B. Day and Hon. J. W. Lindon, both of this county, who are at Hot Springs for the benefit of their health, are improving.

Rev. W. O. Shewmaker, of Georgetown, formerly of this place, preached two interesting sermons here Sunday in the Presbyterian church.

Shelton Smith, of Frozen, has sold his farm to Nathan Pelfrey, and with his family will bid adieu to old Kentucky on Monday.

We are reliably informed that S. S. Taulbee and Miss Mattie Combs, both of this place, will unite in holy wedlock on Thursday, February 4, when they will go to Tennessee on a three weeks' bridal tour.

Edward Callahan, chairman of the Breathitt county Democratic committee, has notified the precinct committeemen to meet at Jackson on March 1 to select a time for holding a Democratic primary for the purpose of choosing nominees for Breathitt county offices.

Feb. 2. HAZLE.



If you have not paid your subscription you may not find a paper in the postoffice for you next week, but you will find your account in the hands of an officer, and have to pay the costs. I have plead with you and preached to you, but "you would not." I dislike to dun you for what is due me, but my creditors are clamorous. Hence you must pay Cooper so Cooper can pay his creditors. Plain case, ain't it? But come in and liquidate so none of us will have to go to law. That's the easiest, the cheapest and the honest way. Don't you think so? Yours, for spot cash, SPENCE COOPER,

Look at the Date After Your Name.

In Distress Today Because You Delay to Pay.

John M. Palmer and Shelby M. Cullom, who now represent the state of Illinois in the United States senate, besides our own Senator Vest.

"In like manner the 'bluegrass state' has gone on in an unpretentious manner furnishing statesmen for other states for nearly a century and of the twenty-nine governors of Missouri, all except two or three were natives of Kentucky.

"For example, every governor since Charles H. Hardin, elected in 1874, was a Kentuckian, with the exception of Albert P. Morehouse, who finished the unexpired term of Gov. Marmaduke, elected in 1884, who died in office.

"Kentucky became a state, in 1792 and had been a member of the union twenty-eight years when Missouri was admitted, August 10, 1821. It was the home of such sturdy pioneers as Daniel Boone, and when the 'great west,' as the country on the shady side of the Mississippi river was called, commenced to open up after the Louisiana purchase in 1803, Boone and many others, filled with a spirit of adventure, crossed the river and became settlers in the territory now known as Missouri. These men and those who followed them became the ruling spirits in the new country they had helped to develop, and many of them were honored with positions of responsibility.

Congressman Dolliver, of Iowa, as every one by this time knows, is the author of the now famous phrase, "advance agent of prosperity," as applied to Major McKinley. Impatient men are fond of writing letters to Mr. Dolliver, asking him when the show is to come along. They have seen the advance agent, but the main attraction seems to be lost by the way.—Washington correspondent Chicago Times-Herald.

To Cure Cold In One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

constituted after the 4th of March. Capital will not invest, production will not increase, labor will not be adequately employed until laws are passed to insure the treasury against insolvency, and to guarantee to the business interests of the country a safe and reasonably permanent basis on which to operate. If the changes in the composition of the senate now in progress fail to produce a majority that can hold together for the enactment of such legislation we shall have the same fight out of which we have just come to make again four years from now under probably less favorable conditions."

He advised gold Democrats to join Republicans. He declared in favor of a new protective tariff bill. Briefly referring to the Cuban question, Mr. Platt said:

"The attitude of our government, however, cannot always express the sympathies of the people. It has its treaties to observe and its code of public law to respect. Acts of intervention, moreover, involve responsibilities, and these must be assumed with caution. We neither wish to govern Cuba nor fight Spain, and no act of government should be performed that leads us in the direction of either of the enterprises."

If farmers would compute the losses they sustain on account of bad roads, they would be more ready to lend their support to efforts at road improvement. Such roads are a heavy tax upon them all will admit, but until one examines the subject carefully with pencil and paper in hand he will not believe how heavily the tax actually is. As a general rule the muddy road shuts the farmer out of the best market in the entire year; for it is when the roads of the country are most nearly impassable that the markets are poorly supplied, and scarcity puts up prices invariably. So important is this road question that it ought to have a place in every farmers' institute programme.—Ex.

purposes of our party will furnish the best indication of the line of action that ought to be pursued by the central and executive committees when they meet to deal with matters pertaining to state campaigns.

"I will be glad to advise with you as to questions about which you may be in doubt, and will co-operate to make your committees representative of the energy, courage and intelligence of your people, but you must understand that you are responsible for the management of party affairs within your jurisdiction, and that success is one of the most convincing evidences of merit. Respectfully,
P. P. JOHNSTON.

Chairman Democratic State Central and Executive Committees.
"P. S.—Chairmen will please have the foregoing communication read to their respective committees at the earliest opportunity.
P. P. J.

How to Kill a Newspaper.

The following recipe for bringing about the demise of a local newspaper is offered by the editor of a western paper:

"Just let the subscription go—it's only a dollar or two—the publisher don't need it.

"If he asks for it, get as mad as you can, and tell him to stop the paper—you never read it anyhow. Then go and borrow your neighbor's.

"When the reporter comes, always be busy. Make him feel as if he were intruding. When the advertising and job man comes, tell him you don't need to advertise—everybody knows you; that you will try and get along without any printed stationery—it is too expensive; you must economize.

"Never drop in and see the editor unless you want a free complimentary notice or a lengthy obituary for a beloved relative. Never recommend the paper to anybody. When you do speak of it, say: 'Yes, we have a little sheet, but it doesn't amount to much.'

"Keep it up a year or two, and you will have a dead newspaper, a dead set of merchants, and a dead town."

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago, 22-45

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : : : K.

RELIANCE.

Though the mountains in the distance wear a misty shroud of blue,
And the frost begins to tingle in the air;
Though the trees have doffed their splendours,
And the somber leaden hue
Of the sky has touched the landscape,
bleak and bare,
We know the world is spinning,
As it's done since the beginning;
We may not seek to guide its course
through space,
But we're sure 'twill bring the roses
And the shine that June discloses,
Ever welcome, in their old accustomed place.

Though the darkness of a sorrow seems to bend across your way;
Though the songs of youth have melted to a sigh,
Though the prospect of the morrow bears a shadow from to-day,
And the hours grow stern and sterner as they fly,
We know the world is spinning,
As it's done since the beginning;
And while we vainly strive its course to trace,
We're sure 'twill bring the roses
And the shine that June discloses,
Ever welcome, in their old accustomed place.

—Washington Star.

A CLEVER PLAY.



HERE, I have the satisfaction of knowing what it is all about, and of appearing dignified and firm at the same time!

Mr. Stanton chuckled to himself as he held a sealed envelope up to the light critically.

"I told him I should return his letters unopened, and there this one goes for all the world as if I hadn't an idea of what it contains."

And with another pleased little gurgle at his own sharpness, Mr. Stanton placed the letter addressed to "Luke Stanton, Esq., Grand Hotel, Great Startmouth," into another envelope and redressed it to "Adrian Stanton, Esq., Turner Studios, Ruskin Road, Kensington." Then he rang the bell and delivered it to the waiter to be put into the London postbag; after which he walked to the bay window and stood looking out upon the calm sea and the long expanse of yellow sand.

Great Startmouth is not a fashionable seaside resort; indeed, it is chiefly frequented by convalescent dyspeptics, Anglo-Indians with sallow complexions and short tempers, and other invalids. Luke Stanton had come there partly on account of his health, partly because he held shares in the new hotel and other schemes for making Great Startmouth a little less funereal and a little more profitable. But, greatly as the financier was generally occupied with his companies and his schemes, at the present moment he was thinking of neither, as he stood gazing blankly out on the beach, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, jingling the loose coins and keys therein.

Mr. Stanton was busy repeating to himself the contents of the letter he had just sent back. Adrian Stanton was his only son, who, by all the laws of heredity and advisability, should have been his right hand. Alas, for the crookedness of this world! Young Stanton had flatly declared to his father some three or four years previously, that he hated the city, that he could not calculate the commonest sum of simple interest, and that he would never understand the intricacies of the stock exchange—that, in short, he detested "business," and meant to devote himself to art! Luke stormed and raved, but had ended by giving in, and, in spite of his affected indifference and contempt, had been not a little pleased when, last year, the hanging committee of Burlington house had accepted a small canvas signed "Adrian Stanton." True, it had been so hung that it was impossible to see it without risking a dislocated neck, but that detail the old man conscientiously ignored. So far so good. Luke Stanton was almost reconciled to art, and was rather given to talking about "my son's studio," when all at once the whole fabric toppled about his ears in the most ghastly fashion. Adrian came to him one day with the news that he was engaged to be married. It was unexpected, but not necessarily disastrous until the fatal truth was disclosed—he, Luke Stanton, the great city man, heavy alike of purse and moral reputation, was expected to welcome as his daughter-in-law—a model! There was a scene—all the stops of paternal indignation and filial ingratitude were pulled out to their fullest, and it ended in Adrian walking out of the house.

He made several further attempts to see his father and bring him to a more amicable frame of mind, but ineffectually, and at last, in spite of threats to stop his allowance, to cut him out of his will, Adrian Stanton took to himself the girl of his choice and duly informed his father of the fact.

It was then that the family solicitor, at Luke's dictation, indited the young man a letter informing him that his father desired to hold no further communication with him, and that any letter addressed to his father from Adrian would be returned unopened.

This had happened six months ago, and Mr. Stanton invariably acted as he had done now—opened the letters over a steaming bowl of water, read them, refastened them and sent them back. He was just now ruminating on the last epistle. It was in the same strain as usual. Adrian asked for no money, was able to support his wife by his brush, modestly enough, still sufficiently, but he wanted his father to recognize her—to know her—he wanted reconciliation.

"And don't he wish he may get it! I recognize the hussy? Never! Oh! he can support her, can he? So much the better, for he won't get any help from me, now or at any other time. I know what it is—he's afraid I'll marry again!"

And then Luke Stanton fell into a reverie. After all, why not? Many men did marry after 60, and—and—He looked at his watch hurriedly—a quarter to four; then his eyes eagerly scanned the stretch of beach.

"She'll be getting back directly," he murmured, and, catching up his hat, went to disport himself along the parade.

Presently he hastened his step a little as a slight figure in a muslin gown fluttered into view at the far end of the parade.

"Oh, Mr. Stanton! You quite startled me! How delightful to meet you!"

She was a dainty little person, with a genuine complexion, big blue eyes and the most puzzling and bewitching hair, which seemed to run the whole gamut of tints, from brown to gold, as the sunbeams played on it. She looked up into the old gentleman's face with the most confiding expression.

"Isn't it provoking? There is absolutely no news."

"Really, I'm delighted—I mean," he corrected himself hurriedly, "it is most extraordinary."

"Isn't it? I came down here a week ago to meet my aunt and uncle, as we had arranged before they went abroad, and, to my amazement, found no one here."

"Yes, yes," he put in, soothingly. "It was very trying. Poor little girl. Poor child!"

"I should have gone straight back to London, if it hadn't been for you, Mr. Stanton. You have been more than kind to me."

"Not at all, my dear young lady. I was touched at the loneliness of your position, anxious to be of service to—so charming a waif."

She shot him a grateful glance.

"But I think I really must go home now. I went to Carlford, as you suggested, thinking that some letter might be awaiting me at the post office, but, as I tell you, there was nothing. I cannot think what has happened to my friends. I feel I must go back to London to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Mr. Stanton stopped aghast and looked down at her. "You mean to leave Startmouth?"

"Yes."

"I—At least you will allow me to see you safe to London—to your friends. Oh! I forgot, my poor child—you are an orphan. But at any rate you will let me take you back to the people with whom you were staying?"

"Oh, no!" she said, hurriedly. "I could not think of giving you so much trouble."

"Trouble! If it were not that it means losing you at the end I should call it a pleasure. There! it is settled, isn't it? And what time shall we go?"

"Indeed, Mr. Stanton, I cannot accept your escort. It—I—they—oh! can't you understand?"

Her face was turned away from him; they had wandered away from the pa-



PLACED THE LETTER IN ANOTHER ENVELOPE.

rade on to the beach and she was drawing cabalistic figures on the shifting sand with her parasol. He looked at her for a second, and then he felt the blood rushing to his head.

"My dear Miss Alban, do you mean that anyone—that some one—"

She nodded, not desisting from her diagrams.

"That some one has dared to hint that—that you know what I mean—"

Apparently she did, for she answered in a low voice:

"That is it. I overheard something in the drawing-room this morning; and what would they say if you came to London with me?"

There was a moment's pause, and with a sudden gulp, Luke Stanton plunged manfully into the deep waters of a declaration. They would say in truth—that he could not bear to lose her, that he loved her, that he wanted nothing better than to hear her say she would

be his wife. Would she say it here—now? He was an old man, triple her age, no doubt—but—but—He stopped, out of breath and red of face, and Miss Alban covered her face with her hands and made no answer—even when, having recovered himself, Mr. Stanton pressed her still further.

"I don't know," she murmured. "I must think. I—am so surprised."

Of course she should have time to think—until to-morrow. Would she tell him to-morrow?

An inarticulate sound no doubt meant yes, and then came a more coherent: "You will go now, won't you? I want to be alone."

And with many a backward glance Luke Stanton went. He chuckled to himself again as in his own room his eyes now fell on the bowl of water, cold now, over which he had opened Adrian's letter. He would be finely caught; and



"THIS IS MY SON."

it was not a case of cutting off his nose to spite his face, for Kittie Alban was as pretty a girl as anyone could wish, and a perfect little lady.

He took unusual pains over his dressing, crumpled innumerable ties and at last was ready. To his dismay, however, when all the guests had filed into table d'hôte he had to realize that Miss Alban, whose seat, it is needless to say, was next to his own, was absent.

On questioning the waiter he found that Miss Alban's dinner had been sent to her room. Luke was disappointed, and a little alarmed; he fidgeted about after the meal in an aimless sort of fashion, and finally sent a message to inquire after the absentee. The answer came that Miss Alban had a headache.

When a man of 60 screws himself up to a pitch of taking unto himself a wife the presence of the dear one elect is necessary to prevent his reflecting too deeply on all that the step may mean, and the evening seemed very long to Mr. Stanton.

No Miss Alban was visible at the usual hour in the breakfast-room, and an anxious inquiry, less carefully worded this time, elicited the same reply. Really uneasy now, Mr. Stanton penned a hasty note of condolence. It began: "My dear Miss Alban," and ended: "Yours always sincerely." The poor man wandered about feebly until lunch time, when the same thing was repeated. A leaf hastily torn from his notebook, on which he hoped that "Dearest Kittie" would not forget her promise, and would come down presently and end the suspense of "Hers always, L. S.," was this time pushed under the door with his own hand, and a few moments later a small three-cornered note was brought him, with the laconic communication inside of "4:30 on the parade."

It was an hour and a half to that time, and it had to be got through somehow. Luke Stanton was distinctly impatient. His mind was made up; he would be able to spite Adrian and his wretched little low wife, and at the same time secure a delightful companion for himself. But he wanted it settled. Surely no girl in her senses could refuse—and the great charm about Kittie Alban was her extreme sensibleness.

He knew the exact spot on which he would be sure to meet Kittie, and he was hurrying toward it when he caromed against somebody coming in the opposite direction.

"I beg—Why, what the deuce—"

"Father!"

Adrian Stanton held out his hand persuasively.

"Come, father, you're going to shake hands? I felt I must come down."

"Did you? Well, that's unfortunate, because I'm going back to town."

"But, dad, do listen to me. I—"

"I won't listen, I tell you; besides, I have an appointment. I can't stay."

The pink muslin frock was distinctly visible; Luke felt that the situation was intolerable.

"One moment. You must stay. My wife is here—you'll see her—you'll—"

"I'll see her d—"

"Directly, won't you, Mr. Stanton?"

A soft voice broke in before the unparadonable word was uttered.

"Miss Alban," stammered Luke, "this is my son."

"I know,"—and, to the old man's horror and amazement, Kittie slipped her arm within Adrian's—"and my husband."

without giving himself time to collect his thoughts, Kittie began to explain; the idea had been hers; the doctors had ordered her sea air and quiet and had suggested Great Startmouth. Immediately afterward Adrian had heard of his father's intended stay there, and she insisted on having her own way. And, now he knew her, wouldn't he have a little mercy? Adrian broke in. Couldn't he understand? Here Luke broke in quickly. He would see them later on at the hotel. But as he walked off Kittie ran after him and pressed a crumpled paper into his hand. He opened it apprehensively. It was his own note, and behind it was scribbled hastily: "Forget all this. No one shall ever know. Whatever you decide, believe that."

A family party of three dined in Mr. Stanton's private room that night, and at dessert Mrs. Stanton, Jr., received from her father-in-law as a wedding present a check for £1,000, written, not on a proper form, but on a sheet torn from a notebook.

"Queer old chap! Fancy, writing a check on a scrap of paper like that," remarked Adrian afterward; but Mrs. Adrian only laughed. She understood—London World.

FIFTEEN DOZEN AND ONE.

The Unearned Increment on a Basket of Eggs Traveling in a Passenger Car.

Eggs are high. It makes no difference where the chickens lay them, several hands have to be crossed with silver before the eggs begin to grow pale around their large yellow eyes as they sputter in the frying pan with the prospect of being served for a meal. A couple of ladies living in the fashionable district in the north part of the city discussed the egg question last week, and carefully noted that the price was still slowly ascending. A woman loves to bargain, and as a result of the discussion both these ladies decided to take a train to Colfax the other day and drive some egg bargains with the farmers' wives in the vicinity of that classic village. They went, they bargained, and they secured 15 dozen eggs.

When the return train in the afternoon rolled up to the Colfax depot the passengers were surprised to see two fashionably dressed ladies lug a big basket filled with eggs into the car. The basket was carefully deposited in the front end of the car, and the two ladies took seats near the rear, and the apparent curiosity of the passengers might be lessened, and still they would be enabled to keep an eye on their bargain. At the next station it so happened that the lone passenger was an old colored woman, who firmly clutched the legs of an ancient hen that probably was a grandmother to about 16 generations of other poultry grandmothers. The train gave a lurch, the old colored woman sank down into the first seat with a bump, and then, to her amazement, she espied a huge basket of eggs.

"Wonder where all dem eggs done come from?" she murmured, and the old hen pecked her. "Clare! I didn't nearly forget you, dis huyah cah seat am no place fiah a fowl," and with one effort she threw the old white "souvenir" onto the basket of eggs. The old hen was evidently surprised, but only for a moment, and then she settled down to business, while the other passengers were having all kinds of fun among themselves. In being transported to the egg basket the legs of the hen had become loosened, so she was able to spread out over the eggs with the familiarity that betokened her an old setter. The train sped on, the old colored woman went peacefully to sleep, and the two ladies and the rest of the passengers had settled down to conversation.

Suddenly from the basket came "cack-cack-cackle-cack-cack-cackle-cackle-cackle," and the old hen hopped off the basket serenely, and perched on the arm of a seat and cackled some more. In an instant there was a commotion among the passengers that awakened the old colored woman with "Fiah heben's sake, ketch dat hen." She made a lunge; so did the hen. She landed in the aisle, and the hen soared the whole length of the car, landing in the lap of a fat old gentleman who was reading a paper.

"Hi out of here!" he yelled, and the hen hied.

"Ketch dat hen!" was the war cry of the old colored woman, and she sped down the aisle with a force that completely overturned a drummer who had assumed a baseball attitude waiting to knock a fowl with his cane.

Again the hen soared and the women screamed, while the men threw canes at the top of the car. The brakeman opened the door and entered just in time for the frightened hen to light on his head. It was unexpected. With a grab he seized the fowl, almost knocked down the old colored woman with it, slammed the door behind him, and then stood looking through the window. The old colored woman's arms had closed about her fowl like the tentacles of an octopus, and ten minutes later the chicken lay wrapped in an old shawl, with both legs tied firmly with an old handkerchief, while the owner blissfully resumed her interrupted snooze. When the ladies with the eggs got home and counted the fifteen dozen, they wondered whether the farmer's wife had given them an extra egg, or was it possible that—and then they both laughed and told the neighbors of their experience.—Indianapolis Journal.

Keep

Your blood pure, your appetite good and your digestive organs in healthy condition at this season, and thus avoid serious illness, by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness, 25 cents.

DISCARDED CHIMNEYS.

A Definite Vacuum Is Now Held Upon All Fires.

One of the most remarkable changes noted at present in the manufacturing industry is the giving up of the chimney to produce draught, and though, of course, a chimney offers so simple and efficient a means of making the requisite draught for the fire, it is stated that in one of the large works of England—locality not mentioned—chimneys have been discarded and a definite vacuum is held upon all fires. In this way the products of combustion and destructive distillation which result from the burning of coal and carbonaceous matter are collected, cooled, condensed and worked up. One of the methods noted as attracting attention in Germany consists in sucking the gases of the furnaces away and allowing them to pass through water in the form of small bubbles, which removes the soot and some of the products of combustion, the gases being then led to a gasometer, from which they are drawn into the process of utilization. A manufacture of this kind, it is urged, can easily extend pipes in any direction and draw the gases of combustion from their manufacturers—the purification of the atmosphere thus assured being another important result.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

BERHAM—"It took three hours for our parade to pass a given point." Mrs. Berham—"Was the given point a saloon?"—Truth.

A dull, aching pain—neuralgia. Its sure cure—St. Jacobs Oil.

The test of good mince pie is that you can't sleep the night after you eat it.—Acheson Globe.

Lame and lame—lame back. St. Jacobs Oil cures it promptly, surely.

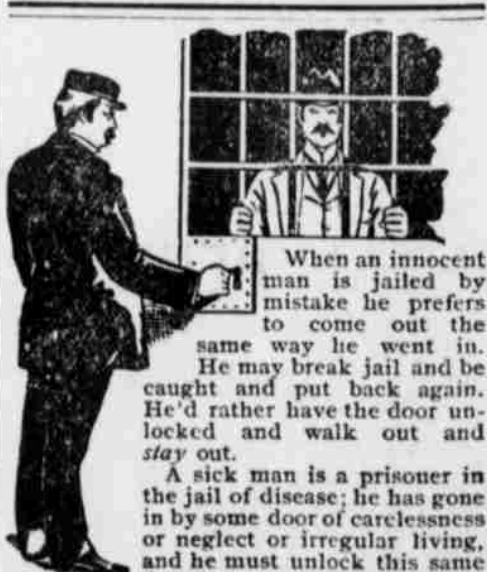
For a man to exert his power in doing good so far as he can is a glorious task.

All sorts of aches and pains—nothing better than St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

The reformer is a living declaration of war.—Ram's Horn.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

There is nothing to fear from the future.—Ram's Horn.



When an innocent man is jailed by mistake he prefers to come out the same way he went in.

He may break jail and be caught and put back again. He'd rather have the door unlocked and walk out and stay out.

A sick man is a prisoner in the jail of disease; he has gone in by some door of carelessness or neglect or irregular living, and he must unlock this same door by careful, sensible habits if he wants to be a free, well man again.

If dyspepsia and biliousness or constipation is the way he got into disease, he has got to overcome just those troubles before he can get out.

The majority of diseases begin with some trouble of the digestive organs or of the liver, which prevents the supply of proper nourishment to the system. The best remedy for these troubles is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, because it gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to assimilate food and transform it into pure, nourishing blood, vitalized with an abundance of red corpuscles.

It acts directly upon the liver and gives it capacity to filter all bilious impurities out of the circulation. It builds up solid, muscular flesh and healthy nerve-force.

In obstinate constipation the "Discovery" should be used in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the most natural and thoroughly scientific laxative ever devised. The "Pellets" regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One is a gentle laxative; two act as a mild cathartic.

"My wife had suffered for seven years with dyspepsia, sick headache and constiveness," writes Mr. Alonzo D. Jamison, of Dunbarton, Merrimack Co., N. H., "we tried many doctors and many kinds of medicine, but all were of no avail. We purchased six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which together with the 'Pleasant Pellets' has entirely restored my wife's health, and we cannot say enough in thanks to you for these valuable medicines."

A BANKERS' CONVENTION.

Some of the Generous Proposals of the Financiers of Pennsylvania.

The first annual convention of the bankers of Pennsylvania, held at Pittsburgh recently, was principally distinguished in its declarations for greater profits to themselves at the public expense, and classing those who differ from such views as demagogues.

The only difference between this and all similar conventions in various parts of the country ever since such conventions have become fashionable, is demands for still greater government privileges.

They now want branch banking, the privilege of starting branches in small places. Probably this is the entering wedge. That obtained, branch banking would undoubtedly become unlimited, and most country banks would be asked to step down and out.

So long as the government refuses to protect its citizens from the greed of usurers, this request of the bankers should be granted. For as the item has repeatedly said, when money is necessary for the conduct of business, and it cannot be had except at the price charged for it by usurers, it is better to pay the price, temporarily, than go without.

At the convention, Mr. Reuben Miller, of the Pittsburgh clearing house, objected to the popular use of the word "banker" synonymously with the words, "robber or usurer."

After his remarks the following clause in a set of resolutions was passed by the convention: "Fifth. United States legal tender notes and treasury notes of 1890 now in the treasury should be cancelled and destroyed forthwith as fast as new circulation is taken out by national banks hereafter in excess of the amount now outstanding. The remaining United States and treasury notes should be redeemed and not reissued."

The reader may judge for himself whether this fifth clause justifies the unsavory words or not.

A new departure was started by attempts to introduce a clause in the resolutions which passed, in favor of having the government redeem all national bank notes for the bankers, in gold coin. Evidently it was thought sufficiently for the time being to mention the matter, as it was not insisted upon. How generous!—Philadelphia Item.

WHY TIMES ARE HARD

The Growing Power and Cruelty and Arrogance of Monopoly.

McKinley's election has not caused these many bank failures and these scores of general assignments. But neither has his election verified in the slightest degree the predictions made by his organs and their assistants that confidence would be at once restored, gold would come out from its hiding places, mills would reopen, the avenues of employment would multiply, wages would rise and peace and plenty be our portion evermore.

The democratic platform evoked wholesale denunciation and abuse because it aimed a deadly blow at the heart of monopoly. This abuse, the hypocritical shrieks of "anarchy" and "repudiation," together with an expenditure of money which for lavishness surpassed any other campaign in the history of the world, had their effect. But times are still hard. Hardly a morning wears to evening but some bank does break and pull down other business houses with it.

This abuse was the ill-disguised hiss of monopoly, the reptile that is crushing the breath out of the country. It is coiled now about every honest industry. It shows its fangs in the land-grabbing and funding bill schemes of the Pacific roads, in the relentless operations of the competition-killing Standard Oil company, in the scheme of Rockefeller and Carnegie to monopolize the commerce of the lakes, in the demand for the retirement of the greenbacks, in the annual process of pushing up the price of coal by limiting the output, and in the assumption of many republican papers and politicians that the party of great moral ideas will now repudiate its platform pledge to make an earnest effort to procure international bimetalism.

Monopoly is growing more powerful and cruel and arrogant every day. We regret this and hope that the republican party will do something to stay its progress, because it believes that every year until the battle is lost or won the growth of monopoly will force the people to demand more and more radical measures against it. That means more bitter strife. The republicans can avert these impending struggles. Will they do it?—Buffalo Times.

Retiring the Greenbacks.

If we had free coinage there would be none of this stumbling about in the dark, about retiring the greenbacks. The latter could go, and in their place come big, round silver dollars. And why not now? Coin what silver we have, and get more. But if there was any certainty of this being you would hear these calls for retirement of greenbacks hurled into an instant stillness. It would be the same if the government would simply execute the law and pay "coin" (gold and silver) for them.—Minneapolis Penny Press.

It Has "Burst."

It approaches two months since prosperity was to burst on us all. How do you like the burst?—Minneapolis Penny Press.

THE COURSE OF BUSINESS.

A Gold Standard Crop in Chicago—Condition Is Getting Worse.

Under this and similar headings the gold standard press from time to time state what they judge is the condition of business affairs, especially since the election. It need not be stated that it consists chiefly in magnifying the signs of improvement and in concealing the multiplying, culminating disasters which daily cover the country. Take the business condition of Chicago as an instance. What gold paper has indicated more than through its dispatches, in which some glimpses of the truth could scarcely be concealed, the widespread business ruin which has fallen within the last six weeks? The most marked failure which Chicago has recorded was that of the National Bank of Illinois, which has been one of the financial landmarks of Chicago and the west. Besides this great concern, and two other banks on one day, there has been a tremendous gold standard harvest. Many firms have either failed direct or taken that other course known as "going out of business."

They are all large concerns, says the Minneapolis Penny Press, and are all located in the heart of the business center of Chicago, and with the closing of their doors there will be an army of employees turned out. The owners can live on their accumulated profits of past prosperity but the employee who has been living from hand to mouth must suffer. These concerns will simply dispose of their stock, discharge their help and lock their doors.

"Hard times, lack of money and general business stagnation" are the reasons given for this action by the proprietors of the retiring concerns. But these are the logical fruits of the gold standard. They have sown the wind of contempt for the interests of the wealth-producing masses, and they are now beginning to reap the whirlwind of business disaster.

The condition is getting worse from day to day. Bradstreet's and Dun's reviews acknowledge that the business situation is much worse than it was this time last year. The railroads report a continual decrease in the volume of business, and one after another is cutting down its force and curtailing expenses. The number of failures is greater by 15 per cent. than in the corresponding weeks of last year. The American Manufacturer, Pittsburgh, after a detailed review of the discouraging outlook in the iron and steel industry, says: "The main trouble in the market is that expected business does not come and new enterprises are still being deferred."

It is in the face of this impending destruction of all business, the goldites and the national banks are proposing to further contract the volume of money by retiring the greenbacks and loading an additional burden of bonded debt upon the people, for bonds must be issued to pay for the greenbacks. The inexorable law of supply and demand will further increase the value of money if the quantity is thus decreased and money will be correspondingly harder to get and debts harder to pay.

BUNCO PROSPERITY.

A Gold Standard Organ Admits the Failure of Their Prophecy.

The Railway Age, which took an active part in the late election as a supporter of Mark Hanna, and pictured with great brilliancy of coloring the prosperity that only awaited the returns proclaiming McKinley's victory, now publishes a summary of reports from 200 railroad companies regarding the effect of the election upon business. The reports are not encouraging. To the question: Has the railway business picked up at all? the composite answer is: "We are compelled to answer no; in parts of the west and southwest it has even been distinctly worse since election than it was before. There has not even been an increase in the little local passenger travel. Here and there are isolated cases of increased activity; but looking at the country as a whole, there has been no improvement yet, either in travel or traffic."

After that confession, the Cleveland Recorder declares, it is not reassuring to be told by these railroads that there have been many increases of shop forces, and that plans were made for a reduction of force in case of Bryan's election. Those little election dodges, arbitrarily worked for effect, are no longer interesting. Neither is there any cause for enthusiasm in the prophecy universally made by the companies, of a revival in the near future which will be permanent. The prophetic instinct of railroad managers as to business reversals has not proved strong enough in the past few months to warrant confidence in it for the future.—Illinois State Register.

The Trouble with the Greenbacks.

The folly of the "endless chain" is a theme with the Times-Herald. It declares that the whole mischief comes from the law which compels the secretary of the treasury to reissue the notes as fast as redeemed. The whole mischief comes from the damnable perversion and violation of the law. The law makes the notes redeemable in "coin." Pay them in gold or silver, which is "coin," and the whole question would be solved. Did anybody ever hear of trouble about the greenbacks until Foster, in the interest of the gold sharks, interpreted "coin" to mean gold?—Minneapolis Penny Press.

ONLY A SCARE.

The Republican Bluff at an International Monetary Conference.

Pursuant to their recent campaign of buncombe, hypocrisy and false pretense, the republicans are getting ready to give their international monetary agreement bluff a send-off at an early day. Plunger Wolcott, who represents the state of Colorado in the United States senate, has been chosen as master of ceremonies. He has his set of resolutions oiled and greased and will present them to the senate as soon as the holiday recess is over.

It is said the resolutions represent the hard work of a committee of five senators friendly to silver, but not bolters, who were appointed some time ago for this special purpose by the republican senatorial caucus. While Wolcott has his international agreement resolutions on the silver question ready, as he says, he is not prepared to go into particulars or to outline how it is proposed to bring it about. All that the senator in charge of this international agreement humbuggery is willing to divulge is that the president of the United States is to be requested by congress to invite certain European powers to call a conference to see if they cannot arrive at some plan by which silver can be minted and circulated by the principal commercial nations as freely and unrestrictedly as gold is, and fixing the ratio between the two metals.

The senator from Colorado knows, as do all his colleagues in both houses of congress, that this international agreement talk is the same old buncombe with which the republican leaders and their employing trusts and corporations have been beguiling the voters for the past 20 years. It is nearly that long ago since the first of these international monetary conferences was held. Four others have been held since, and we are further away from a restoration of silver to its old-time stability and equality as money as we were then.

If a monetary conference is called by President McKinley there is no reasonable hope that it will effect any more substantial benefit for bimetalism than its predecessors did. All such a meeting can do that may prove beneficial to the country will be the additional proof it will give the American people that the democratic party was right when it made its magnificent fight for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the prevailing ratio, independent of the action of any other nation. This beneficial effect will be still further expanded when hundreds of thousands of republicans in the middle western and western states who were cajoled into staying with their party last fall with the old siren song of an international monetary agreement will have their eyes opened by the failure by Senator Wolcott's international conference to achieve the emancipation of silver, and will as a consequence vote with the democrats in favor of bimetalism at the next election.—Kansas City Times.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

The "Advance Agent of Prosperity" Fails to Work.

Apropos of one thing and another, as they come under its observation, the Brooklyn Citizen remarks editorially:

"Information given yesterday of the reduction of wages in shoe shops of Lynn, Mass., and vicinity, and the closing up of some temporarily, illustrates the value, or perhaps the want of value of the pre-election praise of McKinley as 'the advance agent of prosperity,' and the denunciation of Bryan as 'the advance agent of commercial and industrial ruin.'"

This constitutes an object lesson in the value of campaign promises, several of which the republican party will have a high old time redeeming during the next four years. It was a fine thing to be in a position three years ago or more, to charge the democratic party with being to blame for the hard times. It is not so fine a thing, however, to be unable to shift the blame for promises unredeemed. The "advance agent of prosperity" billed his show all right, but the attraction is not filling its dates. There's something wrong, evidently, and the people are naturally beginning to wonder if they really voted for something on November 3, or if it was all a dream.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they are the personification of haste in comparison with the mills that republican victory was to throw open.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

—Mr. Hanna is still hot after the "right sort" of senators—Atlanta Constitution.

—The republicans have not yet explained how increasing taxation is going to reform the currency.—Kansas City Times.

—It is so easy for a party to forget its platform that we are afraid the republicans will disremember that they made a few pledges to the people.—Atlanta Constitution.

—When a republican grows noisy in his talk about trusts, he can be quieted by the suggestion that all articles manufactured by trusts be put on the free list.—Louisville Post.

—The report that Hanna has given orders for the adoption of certain measures by congress and has fixed the date of the extra session indicates that Hanna is laboring under the impression that his syndicate bought the United States.—St. Louis Republic.

A PLEDGE REDEEMED.

How Republican Campaign Promises Are Fulfilled.

The most comfortable theory we have yet seen advanced is that which has its origin with the Carnegie Steel company. That company has issued a notice to the effect that it will continue to pay the same scale of wages during 1897 that it has paid during 1896.

The comfortable theory that goes along with this notice is the announcement that the refusal of the company to raise wages is, in itself, a virtual increase of the wages of 6,000 men on account of the reduction in the price of products. This reminds us of the agricultural genius who tied green spectacles on his mule and in that way induced him to eat shavings. The idea was original and unconventional, and we have heard nothing to equal it until the publication of the Carnegie announcement that a refusal to increase wages is, in fact, when regarded rightly, a virtual increase.

It is to be hoped that the men will take the theory as kindly as the spectacled mule is said to have done, for it would be sad indeed if there should be any doubt or dubiousness in regard to the theory which the Carnegie company presented to its workmen as a Christmas gift. Discontent at this time would be a poor return to make for the great victory that has been won for "sound money" and protection—a poor return for the great wave of prosperity that is said to be preparing to flood the country, having already begun its work, if the New York newspapers are to be believed, the day after Mr. McKinley's election.

Consequently, we would advise the Carnegie men not to examine too closely the theory that has been thrust upon their attention, but to take it seriously, and go about their business feeling that they are richer and better off than they were before they discovered that a decision not to reduce wages is, in effect, an increase.

It may now be claimed, and with excellent reason, that a reduction of wages is no reduction at all, but merely a substantial evidence that although a reduction has been made, the wages remain precisely the same. We trust it will be long before this logical deduction from the Carnegie theory is put into actual operation.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE POOR TO SUFFER.

McKinley Taxation Exempts the Capitalist.

In none of the republican schemes for increasing the revenues is there a suggestion of restoring any of the repealed taxes on wealth. New and higher taxes on clothing, food and shelter, but no taxes on luxuries, on accumulated wealth or active capital! This is the McKinleyite programme. It is proposed to restore the barbarous and cruel tax on wool, to increase the taxes on woollens, to raise the rates on crockery and glass, to reimpose duties on lumber, eggs, potatoes, onions, cabbage and hay, but to continue the exemption of wealth in every form.

In 1896 the internal taxes collected on manufactures, aside from whisky, beer and tobacco, aggregated \$122,000,000. They were all repealed.

Other taxes collected from wealth in that year were: From incomes, \$61,071,932; from banks, railroad companies, etc., \$13,279,142; licenses, \$15,638,997; gross receipts—from 2½ to 3 per cent.—of publishers, telegraph, express and insurance companies, steamboats, ferries, stage coaches, theaters, operas, circuses and museums, \$10,092,707; legacies and successions, \$1,170,978; stamps, \$15,944,373. All those, one after another, were abolished at the instigation of wealth's lobby.

There were other small taxes, like those of salaries of public officials, on passports, etc., the proceeds of which bring the total of internal taxes repealed immediately after the war up to \$240,000,000.

This exemption of wealth left the whole burden of the cost of the government upon consumption—mainly of the common necessities of the people. And this is where the party bossed by Mark Hanna, with McKinley as its figurehead, deliberately proposes to leave the burden.

If it shall do this, the history of 1890 will repeat itself in the elections of 1898.—N. Y. World.

Free List Products.

Hurtful monopoly is usually gained in one of two ways: Either by government favor in the form of legislative advantages, or by railroad discrimination in the form of special rates or rebates. Usually both advantages are enjoyed. If the states visited severe penalties upon railroads guilty of discriminations and upon corporations and individuals entering into combinations to regulate production or prices, the trusts and monopolies would be badly crippled. The monopoly combinations could be almost weeded out of the states by the enforcement of the principles of common law. Let congress, in addition to making laws to prevent the operation of trusts within the scope of federal authority, adopt the rule that every article handled by a trust or combination shall be placed on the free list and the corner stone of monopoly will be knocked out. If the republicans are sincere in their profession of a desire to smash the trusts, here is an opening.—St. Louis Republic.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Mrs. Youngun—"My husband seems to enjoy life thoroughly." Mrs. Knowmen—"What a dreadful lot of bad habits he must have."—Truth.

—Some people talk as impressively about a change in the weather as if they were reading a death warrant.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

—A small boy, who noticed for the first time the gold filling in his aunt's teeth, exclaimed, to the dismay of all at the table: "Oh, Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours!"—Harper's Bazar.

—Young Wife—"I always thought you were the bravest man in the world while we were courting. You wouldn't go to Canada in case of another war, would you, dear?" "Not if the war was with Canada."—Detroit Free Press.

—Clear Case—"I'm going to have that Crankley arrested for perjury." "You don't mean it." "You bet I do. He swore that my language made his hair stand on end, and the man's as bald as a peeled onion."—Detroit Free Press.

—A Spirited Interview—"And you asked her father for her hand?" "Yes." "Was he violent?" "Very. He said I was an idiot to think of such a thing." "What did you reply?" "I told him that of course he knew his own family better than I did, but that I was willing to take my chances."—Washington Star.

—"Why, hello, Briggs, what are you doing here? I thought you had a job as press agent for Dollie Footlites." "I—I am out of that now. You see, I saw a cracking good story in one of the papers, and of course I sent it out, with her as the heroine." "Well, that was all right." "And then some fool newspaper man showed that the story was over 30 years old, and drew deductions as to her age." "I see."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

She Does Not Suspect That She Is Beautiful; She Knows It.

The daughter of the farmer sits before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers. Her bodice is unhooked. Her hair kisses curves and nooks. She hardly notices the smell of the kerosene lamp, so closely, so proudly, and so sorrowfully does she look at herself in the glass. No play-actress or model shown in the cheap picture magazines is her equal. The farmer's daughter does not suspect this; she knows it. No summer city boarder, in spite of skillfully contrived costume, could rival or approach her in enchantment of figure. And the girl sits before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers.

She thinks of the artist who stopped on the farm last summer. She remembers his careless manners, his ease with himself and the world, his trinkets, his velvet jacket, the smell of his pipe, his pajamas thrown upon the floor. He never wooed her in direct speech, but she recollects the compliments of his eyes.

The landscape chilled her all the day. The wood pile smelled of mortality. Mullen stalks shivered under the leaden sky. The hills watched her ironically. There was for her the treadmill routine of housework. At supper she noticed the unshriveled skin of her mother, the untidiness of her mother's hair along the nape of the neck. Her mother is not so very old in years; and yet how tired she is! Her father blew on his tea in a saucer. He complained of his daughter's indifference to the storekeeper's son, and then he pulled off his boots, and dried his feet in the oven of the kitchen stove. And now she sits, with unhooked bodice, before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers.

It is not nine o'clock, and yet what is there for her to do but to go to bed? And what change or pleasure does she see approaching her for weeks to come? A whistle calls to her far down the valley. She starts up and goes to the window. She peers into the night, hoping to see the lights of the express train as it hurries toward the city. A mist enwraps the house. The daughter of the farmer undresses herself slowly and puts out the light. Of what avail is her sumptuous beauty? Only the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers understands her and appreciates her.—Boston Journal.

Some Old Heroes.

Superstition is not dead in the civilized world. There are yet many people who believe that King Arthur will awaken some day from his long sleep at Avalon. The German is not a rarity who thinks Frederick Barbarossa sits spellbound in the great Kyffhauser cavern in Thuringia, and that when his great red beard shall have wound itself thrice around the stone table he will come forth to battle for Germany. To others Charlemagne sleeps in the Odenberg in Hesse; the Irish Brian Boru, the Spanish Bonabdillo Chico and the Servian Kuex Lazal wait in the heart of the mountain, crowned and armed, till the time is come for them to live again. And so it is with thousands of the heroes and great men of earth. Each has his following of devotees who watch and wait for his reincarnation.—Chicago Chronicle.

Stack on Him.

He—It seems that no one loves to hear Bragg talk.

She—Why, Bragg isn't deaf.—Ray City Chat.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY..... Feb. 4, 1897.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce ASA E. PIERATT, of Ezel, as a candidate to represent the Legislative District of Morgan and Wolfe, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

For County Attorney of Morgan.

We are authorized to announce WALTER C. KENDALL as a candidate for the office of County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

An ordinance establishing a curfew law has been presented to the board of aldermen of the city of Lexington. It prohibits minors under 15 years of age to be on the streets after 9 p. m. without parent or guardian, and provides a penalty of from \$1 to \$10 fine.

HENRY HEITFELT, Populist, was last week elected United States senator to succeed Dubois from Idaho. Heitfelt is a farmer and represents Nez Perces county in the state senate. His age is 40. His education is apparently only of a rudimentary character.

LYMAN J. GAGE, president of the First National bank of Chicago, visited President-elect McKinley, at his home in Canton, a few days ago, and, after a conference with that gentleman, said to a newspaper reporter: "Major McKinley offered me the treasury portfolio and I told him I would accept the high honor and fill it to the best of my ability."

GEN. RUSSELL A. ALGER, of Michigan, has been tendered and accepted the war portfolio in President-elect McKinley's cabinet. Gen. Alger was a candidate for the presidential nomination four years ago, but was defeated by Mr. Harrison, since which he has sowed seed and said nothing. As a soldier during "the late unpleasantness" between the states he belonged to the feather-bed brigade or buttermilk rangers, in which the uniform showed more soldier than the man.

From the nomination of Mr. Bryan until the election, the deposits in the banks of the country decreased at a rate unparalleled. Since November 3 the deposits in the New York City banks alone have increased by no less than \$109,000,000.—Cynthia Log Cabin.

Why, Jack, that demonstrates to a remarkable degree the confidence the people had in Mr. Bryan. When they thought he would be elected they invested their capital with a certainty of its security, but as soon as he was defeated they withdrew their investments and deposited it in bank as the safest course in sight under the McKinley reign.

CAPT. BROAS, of the American coal company of New York, accompanied by a Mr. Brown, of Ashland, Ky., was a guest of the Day House one night last week. When asked by THE HERALD man about our prospects for a railroad, Mr. Broas said: "The road will be built quite soon, or it will not be built for a long time; I mean by that not within the next 20 years," and to the further enquiry as to the route, he said that the Elkatawa line would certainly be adopted as it was the least expensive, and that the road would run within six or eight miles of Hazel

Green when completed to Walnut Grove.

CONTROLLER ECKELS, of the treasury department, to whom several bills looking to the financial condition of the government had been referred, a few days since said:

"While there is no doubt for the necessity for changes in the government's financial system, the public is disposed to attribute too much of the existing trouble to the lack of monetary legislation. Overtrade, overproduction and extravagance in public and private expenditures, partly induced by speculation, is largely responsible for the country's difficulties. The day has passed when the volume of money is its most important factor. Improved facilities for transportation and methods of exchange has lessened the importance of a large volume. Improved credit is more important. The first essential in this country is the stability of public credit. The apparent reluctance of the people of the United States to redeem their public obligations is the chief cause of distrust."

ONE factor that figures in our mail facilities, or rather lack of them, is the fact that the contractor takes a route at a figure too low by far to justify him in doing good service. Under the system of letting contracts one man, or a firm, takes a large list of routes and subsequently sublets them to the lowest bidder, who not infrequently bids so low in the hope of securing the ready cash from Uncle Sam that he puts himself on the sure road to starvation of both himself and his stock if he sticks to his situation. Indeed, the price is in some instances not sufficient to pay for the feed of the animals used on the line, leaving out the cost of the horses and the hire of the carriers. That somebody is well paid for the service is evident, and that person is the original contractor. The only remedy for this, to make the service effective and "render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's," lies with the postoffice department at Washington, where every contract should be made direct with the contractor who is to carry the mail. Thus the government would secure good service and the contractor receive a salary commensurate with the work done.

Legislative District Convention.

Pursuant to the call of the committee of the legislative district composed of the counties of Morgan and Wolfe, the democrats of Hazel Green precinct met Saturday, January 30, at 1 o'clock, and organized by electing H. F. Pieratt as chairman and J. M. Havens as secretary. The object of the meeting was explained by the chairman as being for the purpose of selecting delegates to represent said precinct in a convention to be held at Hazel Green, on Saturday, February 6, 1897, for the purpose of nominating a Democratic candidate for representative, to be voted for November, 1897.

On motion Dr. J. A. Taulbee, J. H. Campbell, Spencer Cooper, John Cox, Jeff M. Rose, W. T. McNabb, J. M. Havens, J. E. Brooks and G. B. Swango were appointed delegates to said convention and instructed to cast the vote of the precinct for A. B. Pieratt, of Morgan county, and to use all honorable means to secure his nomination.

On motion the chairman was added to the list of delegates. The meeting then adjourned.

H. F. PIERATT, Chm.

J. M. HAVENS, Sec.

The weather for the past week or ten days has demonstrated the necessity of bridging all the streams in the county, like Lacy creek, for instance. In case of a freeze or freshet such streams are a bar to all business. In the first case the ice may be too thin to bear the weight of a horse or team and the latter the water is frequently too deep to ford. They should be bridged by all means.

Campton Currensey.

Rambler begs pardon and leave to remark.

Rev. W. W. Manker, of Maytown, was in town Saturday and Sunday.

Stephen Cundiff, of Breathitt county, is attending the revival meeting at this place.

Gus Hall has rented Capt. W. L. Hurst's law office and is selling second-hand clothing.

State Senator John P. Salyer attended our circuit court. He contributed his share of "natural gas."

J. B. Cecil, of Ezel, was in town Saturday and Sunday. He has a daughter attending school at this place.

R. G. Humlong, of Germantown, is here with a view to establishing an industrial department to the Kentucky Wesleyan academy.

Born, to the wife of J. B. Hollon, on the 16th day of January, a son. Also, to the wife of Dr. J. H. Stamper, on the 18th, a son. Dock says that the name of No. 10 is Bulger.

Mrs. Emily Byrd, widow of the late W. A. Byrd, has moved from Jackson to her property at this place. The people here sympathize with her in her great bereavement and give her a cordial welcome.

Benj. Sewell, of Holly, attended circuit court and was seated among the attorneys. He has been reading law for some time and in the near future will apply for license to practice. He is a young man of brilliant parts, and we wish and predict for him a great success in the legal profession.

The mail has not been carried between this place and Torrent for about a week. Among the dozen sub-contractors on this route, it seems that some one might be found to bring the people their mail. Gentlemen, bestir yourselves and do not let this thing continue, or be repeated, or you will hear "something drop."

Married, on Thursday, January 28th, at the residence of the bride's father, Alex Shepherd, who lives near town, Robert Tyler to Eliza Shepherd. Mr. Tyler is a young man, a farmer, comes of sturdy old Virginia stock, and is liked by all who know him. The bride, though of humble parentage, is one of the fairest of the daughters of Eve and a perfect lady in every sense of the word. This is a striking instance in which Cupid aimed his darts with prudence and sagacity.

The Texas cowboy preacher, Rev. Thomas Hornsby, is conducting a series of meetings at this place. While he is not cultured, and does not embellish his thoughts with perfect diction, and round up his periods in a manner to please the most fastidious, yet his sermons, always logical and forcible, seem to be the counterpart of the man, the spontaneous production of a true christian character. Such is his individuality, and the power which attends the truth as presented and illustrated by him, that many are being converted every day. Some of the most hardened sinners of the town and vicinity have been converted and are now active workers in the meeting. The meeting continues with unabated interest and increasing results for good.

Circuit court began on the 18th day of January. The attendance was unusually large, and the commonwealth and civil dockets were almost cleared. Court lasted only one week. Notwithstanding the indictments had been stolen and it was generally believed that the cases would all have to be continued, the court substituted the indictments and very little delay was occasioned by the burglar, who thought to defeat justice in the good county of Wolfe. Poor fellow! I imagine he feels small. Judge Redwine's instruction to the grand jury was a masterpiece of judicial advice and showed such familiarity with the offenses which are most commonly committed in his circuit, and displayed so much wisdom in his methods of apprehending and punishing offenders, that everybody present, irrespective of political affiliations, felt that he was the right man in the right place. As commonwealth's attorney, A. H. Howard, was not present. Thomas C. Johnson was appointed by the court to assist County Attorney A. H. Howard in the prosecution of felony cases. Since the besom of Democracy swept the nomination for commonwealth attorney from Col. Howard to our talented townsman, A. Floyd Byrd, the colonel seems to be in delicate health.

Feb. 1. RAMBLER.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$780, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago. 23-48

We are BADLY OVERSTOCKED

In Every Department.

The Extreme Mild Weather and Warm Winter is the Cause.

20% off on everything

NOTHING RESERVED.

EVERYTHING GOES!

This is the chance of your life to buy Honest Values at Honest Prices. This is no Fake Sale, but genuine reductions.

A FEW SPECIAL REDUCTIONS!

Genuine Never-Rip Corduroy Pants, former price \$4.00, now \$2.50.

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Our Best Jeans Pants, former price \$1.25, now 75c.

Best Line of Overcoats in the City.

Best Line of Ulsters in the City.

A Useful Line of Holiday Presents in Every Department.

LOUIS GUS STRAUS,

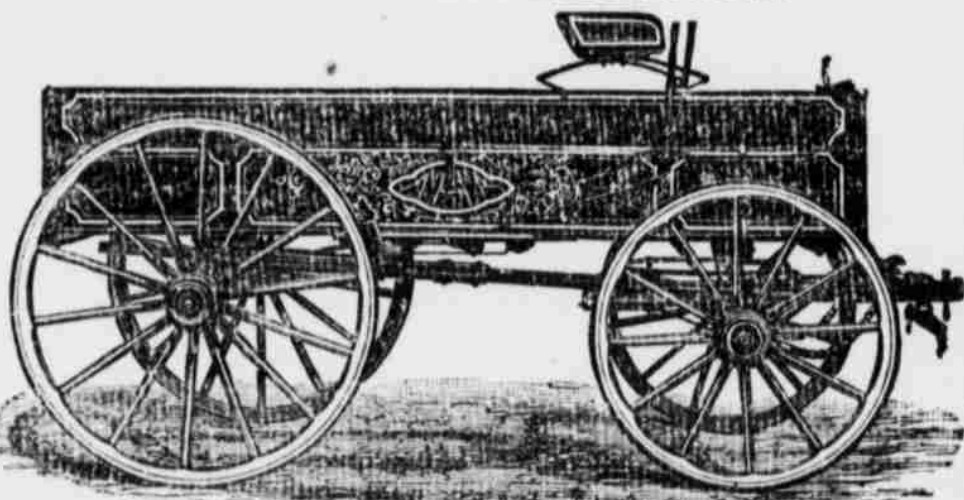
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BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

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CAPITAL, \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000.

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.
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W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need. W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

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WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18.17

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WHOLESALE DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c. PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

THE HERALD IS THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN EASTERN KY.

THE HERALD.

Hazel Green Hearsays & Happenings.

J. Taylor Day left Saturday for Jackson on a flying business trip.

Call at this office and buy a package of Lincoln Tea. It is a sure cure for constipation.

Me-grim-ine cures headache and allays pain quicker than anything. Only 50¢ a box at this office.

John Curtin, of Maytown, was here yesterday repairing some machinery in the J. T. Day mill.

Elder H. D. Adams will preach at White Oak, in Morgan county, Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Morgan county stands first in number in representatives at the Home, and Montgomery county stands second.

Rev. Whitt, of Magoffin county, came to town Saturday with his son Henry, who enrolled in the academy on Monday.

Drs. Taulbee and Nickell are attending Miss Bertie Wilson, daughter of Harrison Wilson, of this place, who is quite ill.

Miss Mattie Cope, of Breathitt county, a sister of ex-Sheriff Sherman Cope, is visiting the family of Dr. John A. Taulbee, of this place.

Dr. Taulbee reports as quite ill of convulsions the 5-year-old child of Clay Clark, near town; also, a son of Willie Campbell, with fever.

The Home is fast filling up with boarders, but additional room is being made and all who come will be cared for. The young men of the school are the most orderly our town has ever seen.

That rasping in the throat is a forerunner of lung irritation. In such cases Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey gives almost instant relief. It is fast becoming famous as a remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs.

Elder H. D. Adams is teaching a 10-days' school in vocal music at Daysboro, in which he has a class of 25 in attendance. He closed a term at Salem, in Morgan county, last Friday, where he had an attendance of about 80 pupils.

A protracted meeting is in progress at the Nickell schoolhouse on Little Caney, Revs. Ben Blankenship and Frank Pres Wilson officiating. The meeting is attended nightly by large crowds and much interest is being manifested in the Master's work.

While hauling wood on a sled Tuesday Eli Phipps, of Upper Grassy, was painfully, though not seriously, injured. The sled slipped sideways and knocked him into a pile of rails, bruising the inner side of his left leg so severely that he is unable to walk.

The topics for sermons at the Christian church on Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m., are "The Ten Commandments," and "The Modern Felix." To both services the church cordially invites all. The Bible class in the Sunday school will make a study of the sixth chapter of Acts.

"Can you tell what sort of weather we may expect next month?" wrote a farmer to a local paper, and the editor replied as follows: "It is my opinion that the weather next month will be very much like your subscription bill." The farmer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled," and then he sent a post office order. Can't you "settle" it today? Not the weather, but the subscription?

Judge Swango Takes the Cake.

They were talking of the weight of hogs again Saturday at Pieratt's store and some seemed to question the veracity of the gentlemen who had testified, when Judge Swango had a say. He told of a fight in Virginia, in which his company was engaged from early dawn until near dark, without a mouthful to eat in the meantime. Late in the evening, however, the commissary issued to the famished men a side of meat and the 48 men of the company sliced, broiled and ate of it until their hunger was satisfied. The Judge thought each man ate as much as a half-pound of meat anyhow, and said he then got astride of the side of meat and attempted to lift it from the ground but could not budge it, though he was then in his prime and considered quite strong. Pres. Havens, of the Ananias Club was present at the time of the Judge's recital and, calling the executive committee of the club together, he formally announced that he had nothing further to say as to what he had seen, but suggested that Mr. Swango should be enrolled as a member and at once elevated to the presidency—as, after what he had just heard, he felt that he was doing the club an injustice in occupying the pedestal for the present. The roll was called and, a quorum being present, a committee was appointed to wait upon the Judge and tender him the presidency, along with all the property the club possesses, including the bakery, the pans, the cake on hand, the cake molds, etc. That the Judge will make a dignified and polished presiding officer is evidenced from this, his first effort. The organization feels that it is now equipped for any emergency, and the shibboleth of the club will hereafter be "Swango is a star."

Trouble With the Mails.

The mail facilities in this section are in a frightful condition. Since Friday, the 27th day of January, there has not been a newspaper received at this postoffice over the route between Torrent and this place, though the bulk of that class of mail comes over the L. & E. railroad to Torrent, and thence to this place horseback, as a general thing. Since the recent cold snap set in, however, newspapers from points in the interior of the state have been quite scarce, the only ones received being those which came by way of Rothwell. Postmaster Pieratt telephoned the postmaster at Torrent on Monday evening in regard to the matter and was informed that 600 pounds of mail destined for this and other points hereabouts remained at that office because the carrier between Torrent and Campton could not or would not take it away. Letters mailed here Monday for points along the L. & E. railroad and towns in the interior were returned to this postoffice from Campton that evening, the carrier between Campton and Torrent having thrown up the contract. The postmasters at Torrent, Campton and Hazel Green have notified the postoffice authorities at Cincinnati, which is division headquarters, of the situation, and ere this paper goes to press the trouble will probably be remedied.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 23, 97.—MR. COOPER: Send THE HERALD to 508 west Chestnut. We rented a flat of three rooms, and Drs. W. Lockhart and H. V. Nickell are with us. They have calls faster than they can return them. We send regards to your better—
Very Respectfully,
S. B. KASH.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla has over and over again proved by its cures, when all other preparations failed, that it is the One True BLOOD Purifier.

ENGLISH KITCHEN.

12 W. SHORT STREET, LEXINGTON, KY.

Regular Meals, 25 cents. Meals to order at all hours. Breakfast from 5 to 9 a. m. Dinner from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. Supper from 5 to 9 p. m.

Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.
GUS. LUGART, Proprietor.

Death of Miles Nickell.

The many friends of Uncle Miles Nickell, of West Liberty, will regret to hear that he died at that place on Friday last of pneumonia fever. Mr. Nickell was one of the best citizens of Morgan county, and indeed we doubt if Kentucky possessed a better one. He was a kind husband, an indulgent father, a faithful friend and a conscientious christian. He was universally loved and will be sincerely mourned throughout the mountains, where his smiling countenance had gladdened the family circle in many households. He was an applicant for postmaster at West Liberty at the time of his demise, and having been a prominent and popular Republican he would doubtless have secured the place had he survived until the new administration succeeds to power.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago. 23-48

Debates at the Academy.

On the night of the 22nd inst., the question—"Women should be accorded the same political rights as men," will be debated at the Academy. The affirmers are W. H. Kash, Albert Webb, Jno. R. Bays and James Davis. The deniers are Richard A. Hord, Clay Campbell, J. Dan Cuning and Clay Cisco. The debate on last Friday evening was very commendable indeed. Good speeches were made on either side, and many excellent points and facts were presented. Such debates are not only profitable to the participants but to the audiences as well. The Cuban and Venezuelan questions have been merged into one as they involve about the same facts and arguments. That debate will be held in March.

KIDSVILLE, Ky., Jan. 28, '97.—BRO. COOPER: Find inclosed \$1, which you will place to my credit and send me THE HERALD to Kiddville, Ky., instead of Gilead, Ky. Yours Respectfully,
J. F. LOCKHART, M. D.

WANTED

Walnut and Cherry Logs, 16 inches and up in diameter, 10 to 16 feet long. Apply to GEORGE BROS. LUMBER CO., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—My farm of about 300 acres on Blackwater, Morgan county, known as the Miles Kash farm; 60 acres in cultivation and embracing the finest body of unimproved land in the county, and valuable timber. I will divide it to suit purchasers, and give liberal payments. J. G. TRIMBLE.

Revival Meeting.

Elder T. S. Tinsley is holding a series of meetings at Ezel. The following are the subjects of his discourses beginning with tonight: Thursday night, The Origin of the Church; Friday night, The Creed of the Church; Saturday night, The Name of the Church; Sunday morning, The Unity of the Church; Sunday night, The Mission of the Church; Monday night, The Des-

Rose & Davis, the wagon makers and blacksmiths, desire through THE HERALD to request each and every person indebted to them to come in at once and settle their accounts and notes. This is made absolutely necessary because of their contemplated move to Jackson, and they hope no one will disappoint them.

TAKEN UP.—Came to my premises, near Caskey school house, on or about November 1, 1896, a black sow, with four shotes; all have crop in ear. Owner can have same by proving property, paying damages and costs for advertising.
MRS. SUSAN MURPHY.
January 16, 1897.

HAZEL : GREEN : ACADEMY.

Normal and Preparatory School.

"The Cheapest and Best School in Eastern Kentucky."

Next Term Begins Monday, January 4, 1897.

Regular Graduating Course.
Instrumental and Vocal Music.
Plain and Ornamental Drawing.
Shorthand and Typewriting.
Book-keeping and Commercial Law.
Teachers Normal and Training.
Bible Course and Bible Talks.

HERE is the best opportunity in the mountains to obtain an education at a small cost. Catalogue and particulars.

WM. H. CORD, Principal.

J. M. HAVENS,
PRACTICAL
Jeweler and Watchmaker,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Keeps a full line of Watches, Jewelry, and Spectacles.

Repairing Fine Watches and Gold Spectacles a Specialty.

TESTING FREE If you need anything in the Jewelry Line or Fine Silverware, see us. We can save you big money.

\$5.00 LOOK MOTHERS A RARE TREAT FOR YOU ALL. Boys Sampson Suit, with Extra Pair of Pants, for **\$2.76** AND WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES TO YOUR DOOR. REMEMBER, you buy direct from one of the largest Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers in America, and by so doing you save three Profits.

OUR SAMPSON SUITS with Extra Pants Ages 10 to 15.

The above mentioned \$2.76 Boys Sampson Suit with Extra Pants is guaranteed to be made from an Imported Wool Cheviot, in Jet Black, Dark Blue, Oxford Grey and Olive Brown, in sizes from 3 to 9 years of age. They are made up as per cut below in double breasted with Sailor Collar, braided with wide sateen band, lined with a fast black Albert Twill Sateen Lining, Trimming and Workmanship throughout the best money can procure. Cost has 2 side Pockets, a Top and Cash Pocket, Patent Waist Bands used on all Pants, also Pistol Pockets on all Pants.

In Sizes from 10 to 15 years of age made up as per opposite cut, Double breasted with extra Pants at same Price \$2.76. Expressage paid to your door.

In remitting send either Post Office or Express Money Order or Registered Letter and for measure send age of Boy at last Birthday and if large or small for his age.

FREE TO EVERYBODY our Illustrated Priced Catalogue in which you will find Boys Suits from 98c. up. Youths' Long Pants Suits from \$2.00 up and Mens Suits from \$2.50 up.

In Jet Black, Dark Blue, Oxford Grey and Olive Brown

Our Price \$2.76 Retail Price \$5.00

OUR FACTORIES.

E. ROSENBURGER & CO., 204 E. 102d St., New York City.

P. B. RUBEROID ROOFING \$175 PER 50 READY TO PUT ON. SHINGLES OR TIN.

UNIVERSAL BUILDING PAPER

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THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.
A School of Business Shorthand, Penmanship, Telegraphy & Typewriting.
HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS. RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED.
CATALOGUE & JOURNAL FREE. **Cherry Bros., Bowling Green, Ky.**

PRINCE JESUS,

When the World Was Wrecked in Sin,
Laid Aside His Purple

And, Regardless of Angel Voices Calling
Him, Hastened to Save the Wretched
Ones From Death—Beautiful
Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

Dr. Talmage's text was II. Corinthian viii, 9: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor."

That all the worlds which on a cold winter's night make the heavens one great glitter are without inhabitants is an absurdity. Scientists tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarefied of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing and becoming fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of our respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of the universe, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics, and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas, or poem, or angel to describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters and pronounce it Heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's Son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been a headache, or a sideache, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or bedimmed any of its citizens. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked, What is sin? What is bereavement? What is sorrow? What is death? the brightest of the intelligence would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there was silence in Heaven for half an hour.

The prince of whom I speak had honors, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As he passed the street the inhabitants took off from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshippers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days he was one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk with the humblest of the land, but at other times he took a chariot, and among the 20,000 that the Psalmist spoke of, his was the swiftest and most flaming; or, as when St. John described him, he took white palfrey with what prince of foot, and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse. He was not like other princes, waiting for the Father to die and then take the throne. When years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the royal gallery representing the Emperor William on the throne, and the crown prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, the Emperor William ordered the picture changed, and said: "Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

Already enthroned was the Heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What multitudes of admirers! What unending round of glories! All the towers chimed the Prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the center of the city, on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says that "He was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one scepter, build all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, the aggregate could not express his affluence. Yes, St. Paul was right. Solomon had in gold six hundred and eighty million pounds, and in silver one billion twenty-nine million three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. But a greater than Solomon is here. Not the millionaire, but the owner of all things. To describe his celestial surroundings, the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them as agate in the temple window, and hoisting 12 of them into a wall, from striped jasper, at the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, gray of chrysoprase, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rill, and all enchantment of aquamarine, the sea of glass mingled

with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal, harps, trumpets, dulcimer, and organ, stood the Prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles a second, himself rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich in "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

But one day there was a disaster in a department in God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! Our planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains, and seas, and islands, an awful centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached Heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never an outcry of distress or an echo of agony. At that one groan the Prince rose from all the blissful circumjacent and started for the outer gate and descended into the night of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what a rough sea! "Stay with us," cried angel after angel, and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince, "I can not stay; I must be off for that wreck of a world. I must stop that groan. I must fathom that abyss. I must redeem those nations. Farewell: thrones and temples, hosts cherubic, seraphic, archangelic; I will come back again, carrying on my shoulder a ransomed world. Till this is done I choose earthly scoff to heavenly acclamation, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, a frigid zone of earth to atmosphere of celestial radiance. I have no time to lose, for hark ye to the groan that grows mightier while I wait. Farewell! Farewell!" "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

Was there ever a contrast so overpowering as that between the noonday of Christ's celestial departure and the midnight of His earthly arrival? Sure enough, the angels were out that night in the sky, and an especial meteor acted as escort, but all that was from other worlds and not from this world. The earth made no demonstration of welcome. If one of the great princes of this world steps out at a depot, cheers resound and the bands play and the flags wave. But for the arrival of this missionary Prince of the skies not a torch flared, not a trumpet blew, not a plume fluttered. All the music and the pomp were overhead. Our world opened for Him nothing better than a barn door. The Rajah of Cashmere sent to Queen Victoria a bedstead of carved gold and a canopy that cost \$750,000, but the world had for the Prince of Heaven and Earth only a litter of straw. The crown jewels in the Tower of London amount to \$15,000,000, but this member of eternal royalty had nowhere to lay his head. To know how poor he was ask the camel drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the east, who afterward came to Bethlehem. To know how poor he was examine all the records of real estate in that Oriental country, and see what vineyard or what field he owned. Not one. Of what mortgage was he the mortgagee? Of what tenement was he the landlord? Of what lease was he the lessee? Who ever paid him rent? Not owning the boat on which he sailed, or the beast on which he rode, or the pillow on which he slept. He had so little estate that in order to pay his tax he had to perform a miracle putting the amount of the assessment in a fish's mouth and having it hauled ashore. And after his death the world rushed in to take an inventory of his goods, and the entire aggregate was the garments he had worn, sleeping in them by night and traveling in them by day, bearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. St. Paul in my text hit the mark when he said of the missionary prince: "For your sakes he became poor."

The world could have treated him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making his earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before when Pompey, the general, arrived in Brindisi he was greeted with arches and a costly column which celebrated the 12,000,000 people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed to wear his triumphal robe in the senate. The world had applause for imperial butchers, but buffeting for the Prince of Peace. Plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our Prince must put his lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after he had begged for a drink. Poor? Born in another man's barn and eating at another man's fisherman's tomb. Four inspired authors wrote his biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but He composed His autobiography in a most compressed way. He said: "I have trodden the wine press alone."

Poor in the estimation of nearly all the prosperous classes. They called him Sabbath-breaker, wine-bibber, traitor, blasphemer, and ransacker the dictionary of opprobrium from cover to cover to express their detestation. I can think now of only two well-to-do men who espoused the cause, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. His friends for the most part were people who, in that climate where ophthalmia or inflammation of the eyeball sweeps ever and anon as a scourge, had become blind, sick people who were anxious to get well, and troubled people in whose family there was some one

dead or dying. If he had a purse at all it was empty, or we would have heard what the soldiers did with the contents. Poor? The pigeon in the dove-cote, the rabbit in its burrow, the silk worm in its cocoon, the bee in its hive is better provided for! Better off! Better sheltered! Aye, the brute creation has a home on earth, which Christ had not. A poet says:

If on windy days the raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less he loves his haven
On the bosom of the cliff.
If almost with eagle pinion
O'er the Alps the chamois roam,
Yet he has some small dominion
Which no doubt he calls his home.

But the Crown Prince of all Heavenly dominion has less than the raven, less than the chamois, for He was homeless. Aye, in the history of the universe there is no other instance of such coming down. Who can count the miles from the top of the throne to the bottom of the cross? Cleopatra, giving a banquet to Antony, took a pearl worth \$100,000 and dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed it. But when our Prince, according to the evangelist, in His last hours, took the vinegar, it had been dissolved all the pearls of His heavenly royalty. Down until there was no other harassment to suffer, poor until there was no other pauperism to torture. Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

Only those who study this text in two places can fully realize its power, the Holy Land of Asia Minor and the Holy Land of Heaven. I wish that some day you might go to the Holy Land and take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the Sermon on the Mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on Calvary at about 3 o'clock—the hour at which closed the crucifixion—and sit under the sycamores and by the side of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of Him who came our soul to save. But you may be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well we may how poor was our Heavenly Prince. But in the other holy land above we may all study the riches that He left behind when He started for earthly expedition. Come, let us bargain to meet each other at the door of the Father's mansion, or on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging this world for that. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who "though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace, omnipotent grace! Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible enlodge grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it.

John Newton sang of it when he wrote:
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.

Philip Doddridge put it into all hymnology when he wrote:

Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

One of John Bunyan's great books is entitled, "Grace Abounding." "It is all of grace that I am saved" has been on the lips of hundreds of dying Christians. The boy Sammy was right when being examined for admission into church membership, he was asked: "Whose work was your salvation?" and he answered: "Part mine and part God's." Then the examiner asked: "What part did you do, Sammy?" and the answer was "I opposed God all I could, and He did the rest." Oh, the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the grace of God! Mr. Fletcher having written a pamphlet that pleased the King, the King offered to compensate him, and Fletcher answered, "There is only one thing I want, and that is more grace." Yes, my blood-bought hearers, grace to live by and grace to die by. Grace that saved the publican, that saved Lydia, that saved the dying thief, that saved the jailer, that saved me. But the riches of that grace will not be fully understood until Heaven breaks in upon the soul. An old Scotchman, who had been a soldier in one of the European wars, was sick and dying in one of our American hospitals. His one desire was to see Scotland and his old home, and once again walk the heather of the Highlands, and hear the bagpipes of the Scotch regiments. The night that the old Scotch soldier died, a young man, somewhat reckless, but kind-hearted, got a company of musicians to come and play under the old soldier's window, and among the instruments there was a bagpipe. The instant that the musicians began the dying old man in delirium said: "What's that? What's that? Why, it's the regiments coming home. That's the tune, yes, that's the tune. Thank God, I have got home once more!" "Benjie Scotland and Bonnie Doon!"

were the last words he uttered as he passed up to the highlands of the better country.

And there are here hundreds of homesick for Heaven, some because you have so many bereavements, some because you have so many temptations, some because you have so many ailments—homesick, very homesick, for the fatherland of Heaven, and the music that you want to hear now is the song of free grace, and the music that you want to hear when you die is free grace, and forever before the throne of God you will sing of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor!"

Yes, yes; for your sake! It was not on a pleasure excursion that He came, for it was all pain. It was not on an astronomical exploration, for he knew this world as well before he alighted as afterward. It was not because he was compelled to come, for he volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for he knew that it would be thorn, and spike, and hunger, and thirst, and vociferation of angry mobs.

"For your sakes!" To wipe away your tears, to forgive your wrongdoing, to companionship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new-made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world and bring you home at last, kindling up the mists that fall on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn. "For your sakes!" No; I will change that. Paul will not care and Christ will not care if I change it, for I must get into the blessedness of the text myself, and so I say: "For our sakes!" For we all have our temptations and bereavements and conflicts. For our sakes! We who deserve for our sins to be expatriated into a world as much poorer than this as this earth is poorer than Heaven. For our sakes! But what a frightful coming down to take us gloriously up!

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A New York judge has decided that a woman is the legal wife of two different men, both of whom reside in that city. This makes a delightful mix.

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to be worth more than a hundred million dollars, which she has made by saving and interest out of her annual net revenue of \$600,000.

The decision of a New York judge that a ninety-day Dakota divorce case will not hold good in his state is likely to be a blow to a thriving northwestern industry.

STANISLAUS DECATCH, a full-blood Osage Indian, and Miss De Hart, a pretty white girl from Independence, Kas., who has been teaching in the Indian schools, were married the other morning at Chief Revard's home in the Osage Nation.

No 20-cent silver pieces have been coined at any of the United States mints since by an act passed in May, 1878, such coinage was prohibited. The coinage of this piece went on for five years only, and the weight of the coin was 77 grains. There are now of them outstanding about \$150,000.

W. C. COLEMAN, a wealthy Negro, of Concord, N. C., has decided to build and equip a cotton mill in Concord for the double object of teaching and giving employment to Negroes. He believes that Negroes can be employed as cotton mill operators satisfactorily to the mill owners and greatly to the pecuniary advantage of the Negroes themselves.

It is said that Irish girls have the best eyes, the keenest wit, the brightest complexions and the most beautiful hands of all the women in the world, the hands of the American girls being declared too narrow and too long, those of the English girls too plump, German girls' hands too broad and fat, while the Spanish feminine hand is the least graceful of all.

It is asserted that singing is a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonary complaints. An eminent physician observes on the subject: "The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, and this, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education."

Among the queerest languages used by humankind throughout the world are those of the Gomerons, inhabitants of one of Canary groups of islands, and the Cameroons of West Africa. The Gomerons whistles with his fingers and lips so expertly as to express all the signals that are required to make the conversation intelligible. A Cameroon man uses a drum, the surface of which is divided into uneven halves, so that when it is struck it yields to different notes. With a code in character not unlike the taps of the telegraphic system, the people make this drum express every syllable of their language.

CHINA is awakening from her somnolent condition in regard to the introduction of foreign enterprise which has hitherto characterized its habits. A report has recently been made showing that the interest taken by foreign capitalists in China is increasing. This is especially the case with the firms representing the builders of railways and ships. Thus, the well known ship-building firm of Cramp has established an agency there. An American railway syndicate has also submitted bids for the construction of a road from Foochow to Chinkiang, as well as for an electric tramway in that portion of Shanghai in which the foreigners live.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough is loved by all the tenants on her husband's estates.

—Sir Horace Kitchener, in command of the Nile expedition, like many other distinguished soldiers, is an Irishman. He comes from the county Kerry. Also he is an engineer officer.

—The princess of Wales was trained to housewifery by her mother, a German matron. Her father in early manhood was a poor younger son and lived almost in seclusion with his wife and family.

—A shrewd grocer in St. Louis has hit upon a novel way of increasing his trade. He sends a female agent to the houses of his patrons to take the morning orders, and she suggests lots of nice and expensive things that just hit the fancy of customers.

—Dr. Johnson's aversion to Scotland was shared by the late Sir Edward Bates, an English millionaire who died recently, and who left his money to his daughter, married to a Scotchman, on condition that she shall not spend more than six months a year in Scotland.

—A literary man in Dayton, O., thought it would be a saving of time for him to spout his story into a phonograph instead of writing it himself and have it repeated by the machine to a copyist. He spent a month thus, and then discovered that the phonograph was out of order.

—A good husband in Cleveland thought to pleasantly surprise his wife by lighting a fire in the sitting-room stove, to make the place cheerful on her return from a visit to her mother. She was more than surprised, for in the stove she had secreted \$117 to keep it out of the reach of burglars.

—The death is announced at Oakbrook, Derby, England, of Mr. John Warwick, for over 25 years telegraph superintendent of the Midland railway, and the inventor and patentee of the block system used on all the principal railways. He retired from the Midland company's service in 1879.

CIPHER DISPATCHES.

Secret Writings That Can Be Read Only by Correspondents.

Ciphers in general, for secret writing, are as old as writing itself, or older. The Australian message stick can probably be read only by the correspondents, if, indeed, by them. Ogham writing looks like a kind of cipher, for the people who employed it knew the Roman alphabet, though, for reasons of their own, they preferred Ogham. The Greeks had an innocent cipher. A piece of parchment was rolled round a stick and written on. When unwound it made nonsense and could be read only when again rolled round a stick of the right thickness. A few easy experiments would solve the mystery of the sky tale, as it was called. The stratagem of shaving a slave, tattooing a message on his head, letting his hair grow and sending him on his errand to be shaved again by the correspondent, is mentioned by Herodotus.

The sky tale is a rude forecast of the grille. The grille is made by writing a letter of an ordinary kind, containing the necessary words scattered up and down the epistle. A piece of paper is laid on the letter, apertures are cut where the significant words come, the correspondent applies his grille and the hidden message starts up out of the ordinary letter. If the enemy secures the grille, he has the key to the correspondence. Even if he suspects a grille, he may analyze the letter till he disengages the message. A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette exhibits a device of the Russian captives in Siberia. They send an innocent-looking letter, whence their friends extract the esoteric meaning by observing what characters are detached—do not join on to each other. Such breaks occur, of course, in most "hands of write." By this method the breaks produce a secret meaning.

Of all the ciphers the simplest relies merely on giving to one letter or numeral the value of another. In Poe's Golden Beetle this method is explained and illustrated in the case of Capt. Kidd's ciphered record of his hidden treasure. Poe challenged mankind to make a cipher which he could not interpret, and he said never to have been defeated. The predominance of certain letters, as "e," is the basis of the inquiry. But, as the writer in the Pall Mall Gazette shows, systems may be carried to an extreme of mathematical complexity. None is safe from analysis or discovery.—London News.

Realization.

The car gave a lurch and the 200-pound woman, letting go the strap, sat down with far more force than elegance on young Rudey's lap.

"For once I realize," said he, as he pushed her to her feet; "just what is meant by the softening influence of the fair sex."—N. Y. Journal.

Safe Keeping.

The editor was preparing to go home. Happening to glance out of the window he saw signs of an approaching storm. "Jimmy," he said to the office boy, "I guess you'll have to open the safe again and get my umbrella. It looks like rain."—Up-to-Date.

No Rusher.

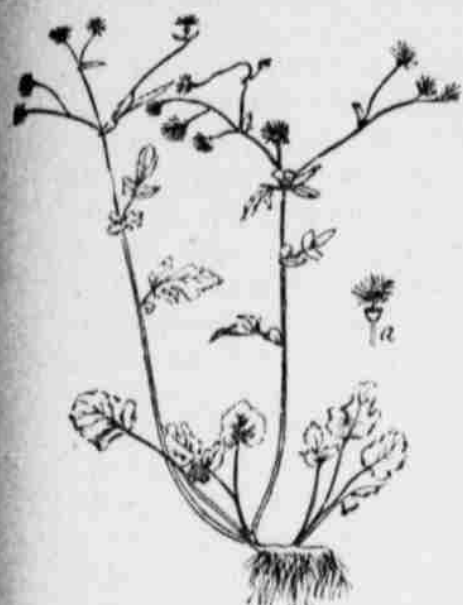
Hustle—Why, man, you're behind the age!
Fogey—Well, that has helped me to save a good many years of my own.—N. Y. Truth.

THE FARMING WORLD.

HEAD-STALKED AVENS.

Must Be Destroyed Root and Branch to Get Rid of It.

The drawing represents a common weed belonging to the rose family. It is headstalked avens (*Geum Vernum*) and on account of the hooked tails of its seeds is somewhat troublesome, clinging to wool or clothing. The blossom is inconspicuous with five small yellow petals, five reflexed sepals and numerous pistils crowded in a conical stalked head, the stalk being at first short, but later quite prominent. The seed or achene is flattened, about one-eighth inch long; the persistent style is nearly as long and at about two-thirds its length from the base is bent into a hook and from this the other third abruptly shoots out parallel to the longer part. As the seed matures the end of the style drops off, leaving the longer portion with its hooked end. The styles are smooth and weakish, so do not cling so obstinately to clothing as stick-tights.



HEAD STALKED AVENS.

The fruiting heads bear from 10 to 20 achenia (one seeded).

The leaves vary in shape, the stem leaves being lobed, with two irregularly edged stipules at the base of the petiole; the root leaves on long slender stems are either like the stem leaves or rounded, with irregular serrate edges, as if inclined to become lobed.

The plant has a sprangling habit, the long slender stems not standing erect, but ascending obliquely, and toward the top branching into irregular flower panicles, as shown in the drawing. The plant attains a height of one to three feet, and often covers considerable patches with its tangled mass of stems. The drawing shows how the plant sometimes has a creeping base, sending up two or more stalks. After the seed has ripened and fallen, the stalk dies, leaving only the root leaves green to furnish sustenance for the root during the remainder of the season.

The plant blossoms in April and May or into June of a late spring. The petals remain on but a short time and the seed speedily begins to ripen. It prefers rather shady places, like old orchards, thickets, fence corners, but often gets a footing in low meadows. It has usually been meadows bordering woods where I have noticed it in grass.

There are several kinds of avens, some bearing white, some yellow and some purple petaled blossoms, but the general characteristics of all are so similar that knowing one it is easy to recognize most of the others. Being a perennial, it is necessary to destroy it "root and branch" in order to be rid of it, and thorough cultivation is the most effective means of killing the roots where the weed has covered considerable areas.—Harriet Mason, in Ohio Farmer.

Preparing Brine for Butter.

To brine butter, make a strong brine, two or three pounds of salt to one gallon of water. Place straining cloth over mouth of churn, pour in brine, put lid on churn, turn sharply half a dozen times, and leave from 10 to 15 minutes. Then lift the butter out of churn into sieve, turn butter out on worker, leave it a few minutes to drain, and work gently till all superfluous moisture is pressed out. To dry-salt butter, place butter on worker, let it drain 10 to 15 minutes, then work gently till all the butter comes together; place it on the scale and weigh; then weigh salt—for eight salting, one-fourth ounce; medium, one-half ounce; heavy, three-fourths ounce to the pound. Roll butter out on worker and carefully sprinkle salt over surface, a little at a time; roll up and repeat till all the salt is used.

A Powerful Fungicide.

Prof. Taft, of the Michigan experiment station, has much faith in copper sulphate as a winter spray for fungous growths of various kinds. He says: It is now about three years since a strong solution of copper sulphate first came into use as a fungicide upon the bare branches of trees before the buds opened and the results obtained from its application have been so favorable that it is recommended by nearly, if not all, of the spraying calendars. When used at the rate of one pound to 15 or 25 gallons of water it destroys the mycelium of such fungi as winter upon the branches and prevents the germination of such spores as may come in contact with it; but at this strength it will destroy the foliage, hence it cannot be used later in the season."

FACTS ABOUT PEACHES.

Summary of Some of the Good Qualities of This Fruit.

The peach next to the apple is the most important fruit grown in our country. But its culture is greatly neglected by many otherwise good farmers. Why this is the case it is difficult to understand, when we consider its wonderful adaptability to almost all soils and climates. The peach has many things to commend its culture to public favor.

1. It bears fruit soon after planting. Put a pit in the ground just where you wish it to grow, cultivate it well and you can begin to eat the fruit the third year. It bears as quickly as blackberries, raspberries or most of the small fruit. In this respect it has a great advantage over the apple, which requires several years of growth before it makes much return.

2. Its season is quite well extended. By planting many varieties it is not difficult to have peaches from the tree for four months, or one-third of the year.

3. There is always a good market for fine peaches. All know how abundant peaches were the past season, yet even medium-sized ones brought as much per bushel as wheat, and the finest peaches were worth two or three bushels of wheat.

4. Peaches will grow well on land that is too rough and rocky to be cultivated with profit in grain. In fact, the peach flourishes best on rough land. Land that is worth only a few dollars per acre will grow as good peaches as the best farm land.

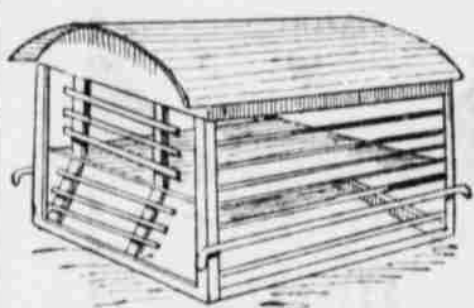
5. No other fruit is more certain. A peach tree under proper cultivation will bear every year if the buds and blossoms escape frost. It is the only fruit that is liable to be killed in the bud, but this does not often happen, not more than once in 20 years. But on the other hand, it will survive quite a hard freeze when in full bloom, enduring cold better than any other fruit at this trying period.

6. No fruit keeps its taste better or is more easily preserved either by canning or evaporating. The canned peach is always regarded, not simply as a luxury, but as a necessity in every home.—Ohio Farmer.

HANDY CARRYING RACK.

Suitable for Conveying from One to Nine Sheep or Calves.

A rack for conveying sheep, calves, pigs or poultry to any desired place is something which every farmer needs more or less. I herewith send a drawing of what I term "a handy conveying rack," suitable for carrying one to three sheep or calves, according to size. It is easily and quickly made of any kind of soft wood. Mine is of basswood two feet wide, four feet long, three feet high, corner posts of hardwood 2x2; bottom and top frame boards six inches



CARRYING RACK.

wide, three-fourths inch thick, nailed to posts. There are two floors, or decks, and the roof is composed of material half an inch thick. Slats 2 1/2 inches wide. A strip 1x6 inches, four inches long, is nailed lengthwise in the center flush with the inside of the bottom boards to strengthen the bottom floor. Both floors are set in loose, so they can be removed if necessary. The two floors are convenient for dividing poultry to prevent their crowding, or to divide turkeys from chickens. Notice that the gate is divided in two, and two sets of hinges are used; so instead of having to open the whole gate to take out poultry from the bottom floor, only half need be opened. Two of the side slats run out to five inches on each end for handles. Two men can take the rack full of poultry and set it on the scales to weigh it. The rack can be used to advantage in various ways to suit the owner.—William J. Loy, in N. Y. Tribune.

NOTES ABOUT BEES.

Bees will forage when five days old. Aristotle numbered bees among civil people.

About one-half of the wild bees, according to Prof. Brainer, have drones with stings, and some of the wild bees are only one thirty-third of an inch in length.

The time that a colony will be actually out of a laying queen, from the date of dequeening to the laying of a new one reared by the bees alone, will be from about 20 to 30 days.

The average weight of a prime swarm of bees is six pounds, the heaviest being eight pounds, and the lightest five and one-half pounds. Second swarms average three pounds.

Varro and Columella both held to the belief that the station of bees should be in an open, sunshiny place, little subject to the injuries of the weather, and far from the noise of men and cattle, and the hive open towards the east, but never toward the north. Water should be near the hives, and clear, for the bees to drink.

THE JEW'S-HARP.

German Players Who Became Famous for Their Skill with the Instrument.

It is very certain that whatever the derivation may be, it (the Jew's-harp) has little or no special affinity with the Jewish race, though it is of extremely ancient date. Its introduction in England cannot be traced, but the term is clearly a corrupted form of the French *jeutrompe*, literally a toy trumpet; but the corruption of *jeu* into *Jews* is evidently of a good age. Perhaps it was a *jeu d'esprit*. Timbs, in his "Popular Errors," says that the instrument is called a Jew's-harp by Hakluyt. Bacon called it "jeutrompe;" while "jeu-trump" is used by Beaumont and Fletcher. In Bailey's dictionary (1733) will be found "Jew's-harp, an instrument of music;" the substitution of "harp" commonly for "trump" is apparently a later growth, although, of course, Hakluyt points to an early use. In all probability the French origin of the term is a correct one, and "Jaws-harp" may have been the matter-of-fact name invented by the country folk among whom it circulated, maybe through the efforts of the chapman and the packman. Brewer is very brief on the subject; he confines himself to the statement that "the best players on the instrument have been Koch, a Prussian soldier under Frederick the Great; Kunert, Amstein and some others." He makes no mention of Eulenstein, who may be said to have been the master of all players.

The celebrated Stephanie Felicite, comtesse de Genlis, in her "Memoirs," tells us a great deal about Koch, the German player, which is worth recording. This soldier, who is described as a "musician," was in the service of Frederick the Great, and, being fond of relieving the tedium of camp life, he used to practice on the Jew's-harp with considerable skill. One night Frederick, who was an amateur musician, heard what he thought was a distinct orchestra under his window, when he discovered that the sounds came from one of his privates. Surprised on learning that such wonderful effects could be produced by a single man with two Jew's-harps, he ordered the player into his presence. He was duly presented to the king the following morning, and performed to the delight and satisfaction of his majesty, who rewarded Koch with \$50, and gave him his discharge that he might devote his time and attention to the advance of his talent. Koch had not the slightest knowledge of music, but owed his ability to natural taste and instinct. He made quite a fortune traveling about and performing in public and private and retired to Vienna, where he lived until long past the age of 80. He died about 1830. He used two harps at once, in the same manner as the peasants of the Tyrol, and produced without doubt the harmony of two notes struck at the same moment, which was considered by the musically curious as somewhat extraordinary, when the limited powers of the instrument were remembered. Herr Koch had a fine idea of theatrical effect, for it was his custom to require that all the lights be extinguished in order that the illusion produced by his playing might be increased.

Another German, a peasant and herdsman named Eulenstein, about the beginning of this century devoted his attention to the cultivation of the Jew's-harp, softening and enriching the tone of this "twanging" instrument into almost perfect harmony. Indeed, Eulenstein acquired a musical reputation from the way he manipulated this meager and not over-agreeable instrument. The Jew's-harp, usually despised and ignored, possesses three different tones; the bass tones of the first octave have some resemblance to those of the flute and clarinet; those of the middle and high of the vox humana of some organs; lastly, the harmonical sounds are exactly like those of the harmonica. It is conceived that this diversity of tone, quoted the Mirror (1827), affords already a great variety in the execution, which is always looked upon as being feeble and trifling on account of the smallness of the instrument. It was not thought possible to derive much pleasure from any attempt which could be made to conquer the difficulties of so limited an instrument; because in the extent of three octaves there were a number of spaces which could not be filled up by the talent of the player. Besides, the most ample modulation is impossible. Herr Eulenstein remedied the inconvenience by joining 16 Jew's-harps, which he tuned in his own special way, and so performed his selection by changing the harps with extreme rapidity, always keeping one harp in advance, so as not to interrupt the measure. He became so proficient that he was able to execute, with grace and ease, running over four octaves, many quite difficult Italian, French and German pieces. He was induced by the duke of Gordon in 1828, who was delighted by his performances, to tour in Scotland, where the Jew's-harp is still rather popular. Eulenstein also visited the chief towns of England and drew crowds to hear his novel entertainment in London. It is presumed that he returned to his own country about 1832. Since then the Jew's-harp seems to have fallen into disrepute and its position as a serious means of musical enjoyment is no longer admitted.—London Standard.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Millions of men who are daily "Tobacco Spitting and Smoking Their Lives Away" will be glad to learn that the makers of No-To-Bac, the famous guaranteed tobacco habit cure, that has freed over 400,000 tobacco users in the last few years, have put on the market a fifty cent package of their great remedy. This will give every tobacco user a chance to test No-To-Bac's power to control the desire for tobacco in every form and at the same time be benefited by No-To-Bac's nerve strengthening qualities. Every tobacco user should procure a fifty cent box at once from his druggist or order it by mail. You will be surprised to see how easily and quickly the desire for tobacco disappears. Any reader can obtain a sample and booklet free by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York, and mentioning this paper.

GUEST—"This wine is really excellent!" Host (to himself)—"This fellow is either an ignoramus or he is the rascal who sold me that wine."—Flegende Blaetter.

Danger Envelops Us

If we live in a region where malaria is prevalent, it is useless to hope to escape it if unprovided with a medicinal safeguard. Wherever the endemic is most prevalent and malignant—in South and Central America, the West Indies and certain portions of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters have proved a remedy for and preventive of the disease in every form. Not less effective is it in curing rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, biliousness and nervousness.

There are said to be three men in Athens who paid for monuments to the memory of their wives' first husbands.—Athenian Globe.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The man who gives the world gold will be forgotten, but he who gives it good will not.—Ram's Horn.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle & treatise. Dr. KLINE, 933 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

While there is nothing particularly soulful about cook aprons and dish towels, no woman ever had enough of them.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. E. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 3, '94.

There is such a thing as having great influence without having great talent.—Ram's Horn.

Cold quickens rheumatism, but quickly, surely, St. Jacobs Oil cures it.

It is a great mistake for the young to despise what the old have learned by experience.—Ram's Horn.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Nobody says "yes," everybody says "yea."—Athenian Globe.

Burning, itching, frost-bite, Use St. Jacobs Oil—cures promptly. Cools the fever.

No one can study elocution and not be affected afterward.—Athenian Globe.

There are no excuses not to use St. Jacobs Oil for bruises.

Seven out of ten men who order raw oysters do not like them.—Athenian Globe.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

A Missourian always likes to cut a box or whittle when he is thinking.

REASONS FOR USING

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.



1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

A-head of Pearline?

Never! Not a bit of it! That is out of the question. Probably not one of the many washing-powders that have been made to imitate Pearline would claim to excel it in any way. All they ask is to be considered "the same as" or "as good as" Pearline. But they're not even that. Pearline is today, just as it has been from the first, the best thing in the world for every kind of washing and cleaning.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascaret's

CURE CONSTIPATION

10¢ 25¢ 50¢

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or scribe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

REGULATE THE LIVER

ALL DRUGGISTS

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

LATE STATE NEWS.

Miss Josephine Waller Warren, of Stanford, uses a deer skin trunk which has been in the family 165 years.

On South Broadway, Lexington, a dog was found standing on the sidewalk frozen stiff, one morning last week.

The "ferocious" beast which has caused so much alarm in Anderson county of late, turns out to be a large gray fox.

John Burnside, a Nicholasville workhouse prisoner, made his escape from a guard who shot at him five times without effect.

John Craft, of Rockhouse creek, was fined \$30 and 10 days in jail for riding his horse into a Baptist church, in Letcher county, during services.

A freak in the nature of a calf with three good eyes and nostrils has been born on the farm of Dave Steinback, near McGee's springs, in Carlisle county.

Twelve town lots in Richmond sold last week at auction and brought from \$20 to \$75 each. These same lots sold during the boom for \$300 each.

Richard Rice brought suit in the Madison circuit court against his brother, Taylor, for \$2,000 damages on account of a writ of lunacy. The jury disagreed.

Charles Ball, a prominent merchant of Middlesboro, gave \$200 to his brother, Houston Ball, to deposit in bank, but instead of doing so Houston left the city.

The report comes from Wright, Letcher county, that during the late cold snap ice had formed on the North fork of the Kentucky river 18 inches thick in 24 hours.

Ben Dulin, an aged farmer of Christian county, was found frozen stiff in the road near his home. He started to walk to Crofton, several miles distant, but never reached there.

William Izer, a wealthy merchant of Logan county, was found on the roadside, one mile from his home, dead. His body was fearfully mutilated and it is thought he was murdered for his money.

In Magoffin county an eight-year-old son of Thomas Reynolds, a farmer, fell down while running through a pasture and accidentally swallowed a cockle-burr, which lodged in his throat and finally choked him to death.

Fayette Bush, of Carter county, heard strange noises around his corn crib and fired both barrels of a shot gun in that direction. Next morning he found a half-filled sack of corn at the door and a trail of blood leading away from it.

The belled buzzard, seen so often in counties bordering on the Ohio river, was killed recently in Mason county. The bell was a small cow bell with 1881 engraved on it, and was fastened to the bird's neck with a small leather strap.

Lawrenceburg is boasting of the fact that she has 52 widows. The Stanford Journal answers that Stanford has 54 widows and has many more married women who

would be better off if they were widows.

To save the lives of several women and children, Henry Vielman, a Newport policeman, seized a runaway horse, attached to a milk wagon, by the bridle and turned it from its course. The wagon was demolished, but no one was hurt.

About the busiest man in the state last week was Deputy Sheriff George Hindman, of Campbell county. He served 180 summons in civil suits, summoned 16 grand jurors and 24 petit jurors, summoned two juries for lunatic trials, and took two lunatics to the asylum.

That deadly open grate has been getting in its work during the recent cold snap. At Russellville, the clothes of little Della, the 2-year-old child of L. M. Lawson, caught fire and she was burned to death before assistance reached her. A spark from an open grate set a house on fire in Allen county, and two children were incinerated. Cyrus, the 4-year-old son of Daniel Davis, of Christian county, was fatally burned while playing before an open grate. A 2-year-old son of Burley Hackney, of Woodford county, caught fire from the grate and burned to death. The mother was dangerously burned in trying to save the child.

Fugate in a Bad Way.

Mrs. Alex Fugate, with her five young children, came to Jackson Monday morning and applied to the county court for assistance, putting up the plea that she was in destitute circumstances, her husband having abandoned her, leaving the burden of the support of her children upon her. The court allowed her \$25.00. She told a most pitiful story of her troubles. She said that her husband had sold their little home and even the scanty supplies she had raised on the farm with her own hands. He carried away the bed clothing, and ripping off the ticking of one of the mattresses had underclothing made of it for himself. To force her to vacate the house he removed the roof. She said that he had taken up his abode with a disreputable woman in the neighborhood. She is the mother of ten children, ranging in ages from two to 20 years. The five oldest are caring for themselves. The five youngest, who were with her, were scantily clad, having no head apparel except thin cotton handkerchiefs, and thick yarn stockings constituted their only foot wear. Their clothing was very insufficient for this cold weather. The woman's story was corroborated by several who know of her troubles.—Hustler.

Remedy For Colds and Sore Throats.

Very often a simple remedy given in time will save a person a long spell of illness, and when diphtheria or scarlet fever is prevalent there is a simple remedy that our family physician always recommended, and it is excellent, and will cure the worst kind of sore throat and relieve a cough. It is to gargle with salt water and borax.

Make a strong solution of it and lave the mouth and tonsils freely several times a day and through the night. I have had it cure ulcerated sore throats. It is also good in times of contagion, or if you have a case of diphtheria in your family if you keep up the gargle you will not take diphtheria, even if it is in the house. It is a fine disinfectant. It is perfectly harmless, and there is no danger of an overdose hurting even a child. If you have a cold in the head or an irritating cough put a small piece of borax the size of a pea on your tongue and slowly let it dissolve. It will give almost instant relief.

The Country Newspaper.

For a good many years the country newspaper has been the butt of the professional humorist. The Portland Express thinks that while there is no malice in these thrusts, the subject has been over-worked and it is high time to give it a rest.

"That most country newspapers are important factors in local affairs," says our Portland contemporary, "no one at all acquainted with the subject can for a moment doubt. They are, as a rule, independently honest in tone, and allow no fear of consequences to influence them when they feel like criticising whatever is considered worthy of criticism within their jurisdiction. The fact that John Smith has painted the back side of his hen house may be a news item of as much importance within the circumscribed limits of the country newspaper's circulation as would be the publication in the New York Herald of the fact that Mr. Van Astorbilt was contemplating the putting of new sails on his million-dollar yacht. It is simply a question of locality. A three-legged milking stool would be decidedly out of its place as a piece of furniture in a fashionable metropolitan church, but it is an article the utility of which is unquestioned in a farmer's milking shed.

"The country boy who goes to the city, and takes his place and grows up among and with the men whose business capacity helps to shape the course of events, always—unless he is something less than a man—cherishes many pleasant memories of his native town, and he takes the paper that was his local paper when he was a boy, and he reads it carefully, and then he takes it home from the office and reads it again, from the old familiar heading, clear through the advertisements. No part is missed; and if he is the right kind of a man, he reads between the lines more than appears in cold type.

"The country newspaper is an institution that has always followed the schoolhouse and the church in the onward march of civilization, and its influence for good is a matter that is too seldom taken into account."

Why She Didn't Kiss.

"I reckon if I wuz to ketch my daughter kissin' of a man I'd just natchelly cut him into mince-meat ground fine," said the old man from the swamps of the Bracken hills.

"Then your daughter won't kiss the boys?" ventured a Dover youth with spectacles.

"Well, I reckon not, young man," and the old man gave him a look that dazzled his specs.

"But—ah, you know, some girls—who are engaged—you know—sometimes kiss their—their—boys—you know—and—it's all right and proper—and—"

The old man looked at him real hard, and, after watching the youth wilt like a tobacco leaf in an August sun, thundered out: "Well, my daughter never kissed a livin' man, not even her pap—ner a poodle dog, ner nothin'."

"But, there's no harm—and why—or—why—er?" stammered the brave youth.

"Well, I reckon the most principal reason, why my daughter never kissed nothing is, that I never had any daughter."

And the thoughtful silence of the young man was so dense that you could hear the price of farm lands drop quietly drop by drop, while the farm products hanging in the tobacco shed tier by tier.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL ME or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. References. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago.

WOLFE COUNTY.

Toliver Topics.

The infant child of Amos Lawson is very ill.

H. C. Ward, of the H. G. A., was the guest of Miss Mina Nickell last Sunday.

Harve Nickell and Robert Willis passed through here en route to Hazel Green.

Aaron and Buford Mannin attended church on White's branch, Sunday, and report a nice time.

Misses Mollie and Lillie Catron, of Pomeroyton, were the guests of Miss Lou Catron last Sunday.

THE HERALD is the paper for you all to read (and pay for). It will tell you all the news of the county and how to plant your turnip seed.

Your scribe made a mistake last week about the wedding of Joe Landrum. He was married to Miss Ava Sweeney, and Rev. J. Willson officiating. He will start for Illinois in a few days.

Died, on the 28th ult., infant child of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Elkins. The parents on awakening in the morning found that its spirit had taken its flight to God who gave it. Also, on the 30th ult., the little girl of B. F. Boling, after a brief illness. The remains were deposited in what is known as the McNabb burying ground.

W. A. Oldfield, a citizen of this county, relates the following. On last Saturday night I was going home from a neighbor's house; it was about 10 o'clock; as I was crossing the fence I heard something and looked up and beheld what I thought was an elephant; after taking a second look I thought it was a dog, but on looking a third time I found to my surprise a rabbit sitting on a chunk gnawing a cabbage stalk. I was so excited I hardly knew when I got home. So says Mack, and I guess it was a sad scene.

Feb. 2.

SHINER.

By Its Record of remarkable cure Hood's Sarsaparilla has become to one true blood purifier prominently in the public eye. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. 25c.



Upon Every Bottle

and wrapper of the genuine Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is printed the above design. It is both trade-mark and guarantee—a warrant that the medicine contained in the bottle will cure coughs, colds and all lung, throat and chest troubles more quickly and effectually than any other remedy.

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey

Is sold by all druggists or sent upon receipt of price—25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle by The E. S. Sutherland Medicine Co., Paducah, Ky.

WANTED

5,000 TURKEYS!

Will pay 5½ cents per pound for Live Turkeys; 5 cents per pound for Chickens. Am paying highest cash price for all kinds of Poultry, Eggs, Feathers, Furs and Produce.

Bring me your Turkeys, Poultry and Produce and receive the highest Cash Price.

C. B. MILLER, ROTHWELL, KY.

COMBS HOUSE, CAMPTON, KY.

J. B. HOLLON, PROPRIETOR

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their FREE price list and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

John R. McLean's Great Newspaper.

Without a single exception, there is beyond doubt no greater or more popular newspaper in the United States than the Cincinnati Enquirer; or a more successful publisher than its proprietor, Mr. John R. McLean. The old-time prices for the Daily Enquirer have been maintained, and its circulation largely increased each year; hard times and cheaper journals failing to arrest its onward march and high appreciation of the public for its true worth and merit.

The Weekly Enquirer at beginning of the campaign year was offered at 50 cents a year, and its circulation increased by the addition of over 200,000 new subscribers; the most substantial and coveted testimonial a publisher could desire.

When asked for the secret of such success, Mr. McLean frankly answers: The Enquirer has no opinions to force upon its patrons, it simply prints the facts and tells the truth that the reader may form his own opinions. By maintaining the price of the paper, more news and greater variety can be furnished, and every class of business interests catered to, which a cheaper journal cannot afford.

The very liberal support given the Enquirer by the public at large, makes it incumbent upon the management to serve it faithfully with zeal and enterprise in minor matters as well as those of greater magnitude.

TABLER'S PILE BUCK EYE OINTMENT
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.
A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY for PILES.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
Prepared by RICHARDSON MED. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Why not be your own Middle-man?

Pay but one profit between maker and user and that a small just one. Our Big 700 Page Catalogue and Buyers Guide proves that it's possible. Weighs 2½ pounds, 12,000 illustrations, describes and tells the one-profit price of over 40,000 articles, everything you use. We send it for 15 cents; that's not for the book, but to pay part of the postage or expressage and keep off idlers. You can't get it too quick.

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